

Sed  
36

# SCREENLAND

★  
ICC

January

15¢

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Lana Turner

BUY YOUR  
6<sup>TH</sup> WAR LOAN BONDS  
AT YOUR  
MOTION PICTURE THEATRE

*Are You  
The Girl  
He Wants To  
Come Home To?  
Asks  
Ann Sheridan*



*No fol-de-rol a girl can wear*



*Has such allure as shining hair!*

# No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene  
with Hair Conditioner reveals  
up to 33% more lustre than soap  
... yet leaves hair so easy to  
arrange, so alluringly smooth!

*Does your hair look dull,  
slightly mousy?*

Maybe it's just because you're washing  
it with soap or soap shampoos ... letting  
soap film hide the glorious natural lustre  
and color brilliance. Change to Drene with  
Hair Conditioner. Drene never leaves any  
dulling film. That's why it reveals up to  
33% more lustre than any soap shampoo!

*Does your hair-do require  
constant fiddling?*

Men don't like this business of running  
a comb through your hair in public! Fix  
your hair so it stays put! And remember  
Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair  
wonderfully easy to manage, right after  
shampooing! No other shampoo leaves  
hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

*Sssssshhhh!*

*But have you dandruff?*

Too many girls have! And what a pity.  
For unsightly dandruff can be easily con-  
trolled if you shampoo regularly with Drene.  
Drene with Hair Conditioner removes  
every trace of embarrassing flaky dandruff  
the very first time you use it!



**Drene Shampoo**  
with  
*Hair Conditioner*

Product of Procter & Gamble



NEWEST ACCESSORY TRICK is this ribbon  
"choker" tied fetchingly in front. Wonderful to  
dress up the new, low-necked evening sweaters!  
Newest hair-do trick is this braided arrange-  
ment with the ends of the front hair turned  
over the braids, on top, to form a smooth,  
shining puff! Extra lustre and smoothness  
due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner.

MAKE A DATE WITH

*Glamour*

Tonight ... don't put it off ... shampoo your hair the  
new glamour way! Use Drene with Hair Conditioner!  
Get the combination of beauty benefits that only this  
wonderful improved shampoo can give! ✓ *Extra lustre*  
... up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos!  
✓ *Manageable hair* ... easy to comb into smooth shining  
neatness! ✓ *Complete removal* of flaky dandruff!  
Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner.



# Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

A radiant smile  
holds a world of charm!



**Help keep your smile bright and sparkling. Start now with Ipana and Massage!**

**R**EACH FOR A STAR, plain girl. You can find happiness, fun—without being beautiful.

Take a look at other girls who stir up excitement. Proof, most of them, that good times don't go just to the prettiest. Proof that you can be singled out *by your smile*.

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a mere shadow of a smile, but one of radiant charm—the kind men can't resist. Remember, though, a smile like that needs sound

teeth—sparkling teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums.

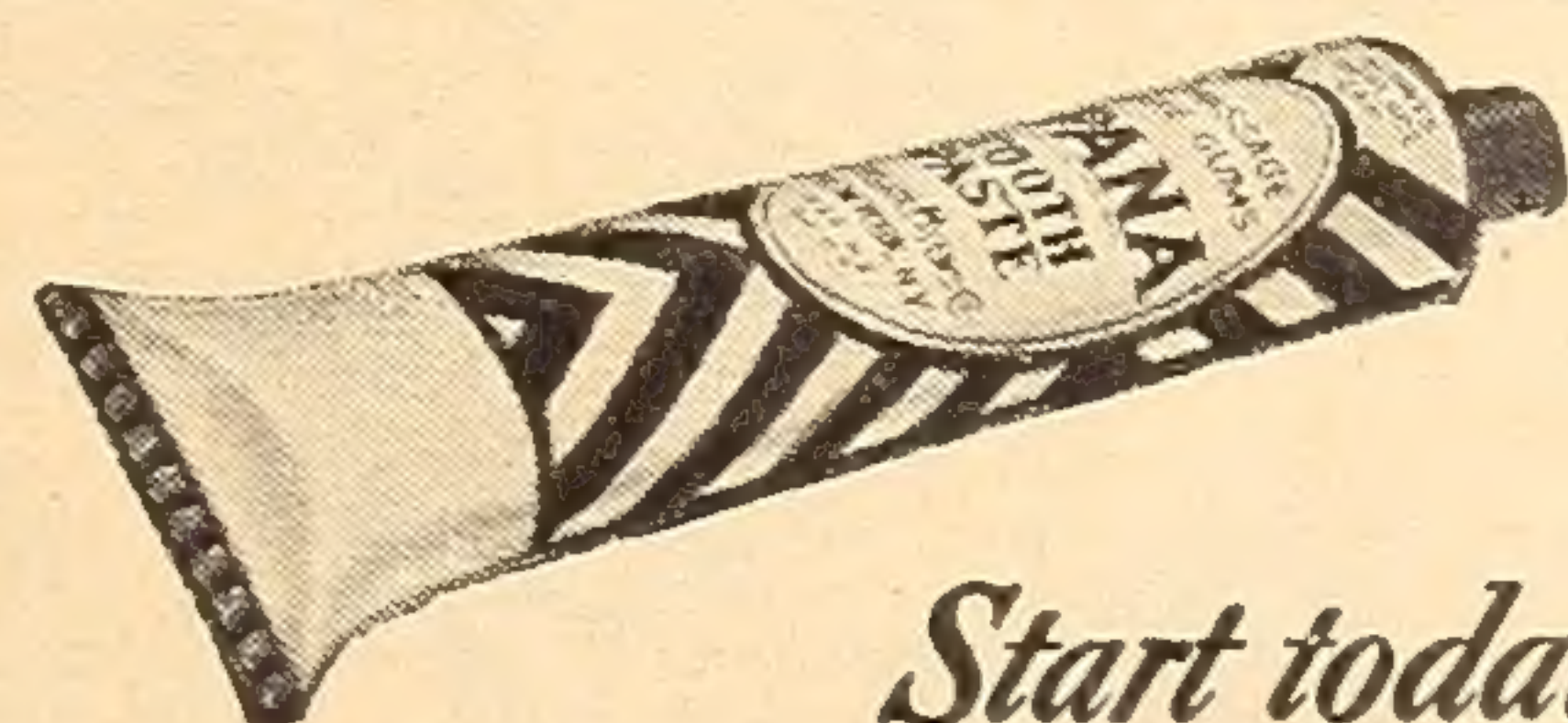
## **"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning**

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist*. He may say your gums have become sensitive—deprived of exercise by soft, creamy foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every

time you clean your teeth. Circulation speeds up within the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

For brighter teeth, firmer gums, a smile that really sparkles, start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.



*Product of Bristol-Myers*

*Start today with*

# **IPANA and MASSAGE**



**Eyes Light Up** at the sight of the girl with a bright, shining smile. Let Ipana Tooth Paste and massage help you keep *your smile sparkling and attractive!*



We're full of the milk of human kindness at this writing.

We're gay, carefree. You can borrow money from us if you want to.

In short, we're in good humor, and all because we've seen the most alluring musical motion picture since our movie-going began... M-G-M's "Meet Me In St. Louis".

Whoops! Back you go to the old World's Fair in St. Louis as the guests of the Smith family, of which our favorite members are played by Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien.

What gay, nostalgic, wonderful entertainment this is, enriched in every scene by rainbow Technicolor!



Judy Garland seems to have been born for the part of Esther, a high school girl just awakening to love—for the boy next

door. Esther is young, innocent, vivacious, and golden-voiced.

You will have to decide for yourself whether you prefer Judy's provocative presentation of a young girl in love or Judy's singing. Perhaps you'll find, as we did, both talents perfectly fused in "Over The Banister", "The Boy Next Door", or that bell-ringing success, "The Trolley Song". And these are only three of eight songs!

Judy (that is, Esther) has a sister—an impish, devilish, utterly lovable kid named "Tootie". In this part, Margaret O'Brien will become everyone's sweetheart—if she isn't everyone's sweetheart already.



Tom Drake, one of M-G-M's latest finds, plays the boy next door and heads a splendidly-chosen supporting cast including Mary Astor, Marjorie Main, Lucille Bremer, Joan Carroll, Henry H. Daniels, Jr., Leon Ames, and Harry Davenport.

The script was written by Irving Brecher and Fred F. Finklehoffe. Arthur Freed, who gave us "Girl Crazy", produced, and Vincente Minnelli directed. They all have cause for pride.

Mark our words: M-G-M's "Meet Me In St. Louis" will strike you as about the best tuneful repast ever displayed for your delight!

—Leo



# SCREENLAND

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## Full Color Portraits: ★ ★ ★

Here's to a Happier New Year! Margaret O'Brien in MGM's "Meet Me In St. Louis"

For "Winged Victory." Pvt. Lon McCallister, S/Sgt. Mark Daniels, Sgt. George Reeves and Cpl. Don Taylor in the 20th Century-Fox film Ida Lupino, appearing in Warners' "Hollywood Canteen"

**Picture Pages:** Ginger On The Job (Ginger Rogers); It's All Velvet (MGM's "National Velvet"); Hollywood Is A Home Town (Stars Celebrate Christmas); On Location With "D. D." (Deanna Durbin); Fashions for You! (Ruth Ford); Gifts for Merry Christmas (Holiday Suggestions); SCREENLAND Salutes "Meet Me In St. Louis"

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Cover Portrait of LANA TURNER, MGM star

JANUARY, 1945

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS





## "He took off from Shangri-La..."

Ted and Ellen had been to a dance the night before—excited and gay, as if they knew the parting would be soon.

And they had whispered the refrain of a song to each other..."I love you, I love you, I love you."

Then, next morning, the word came that he was to take off—with the others—on the most hazardous mission of the war.

One hundred and thirty-one days after December 7, 1941, a handful of young men who had never dreamed of glory struck the first blow at Japan.

Out of Captain Ted W. Lawson's true story of that most epochal bombing mission in all history—when Lieutenant Colonel Jimmy Doolittle led his valiant group manning their B-25's from Shangri-La directly to the heart of Japan...out of the glorious adventure of these men who flew into the unknown—M-G-M has made a truly great motion picture.

It is a drama of stirring courage and deep, abiding devotion—a picture you will never forget.



Captain TED W. LAWSON, author of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", was pilot of "The Ruptured Duck", one of the bombers that took off from the "Hornet" at Shangri-La and blasted Tokyo.



A MERVYN LeROY PRODUCTION with  
**VAN JOHNSON • ROBERT WALKER**  
 PHYLLIS THAXTER • TIM MURDOCK  
 SCOTT McKAY • GORDON McDONALD  
 DON DeFORE • ROBERT MITCHUM  
 JOHN R. REILLY • HORACE McNALLY and

**SPENCER TRACY**

as LIEUTENANT COLONEL JAMES H. DOOLITTLE

Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo  
 Based on the Book and Collier's Story by  
 Captain Ted W. Lawson and Robert Considine

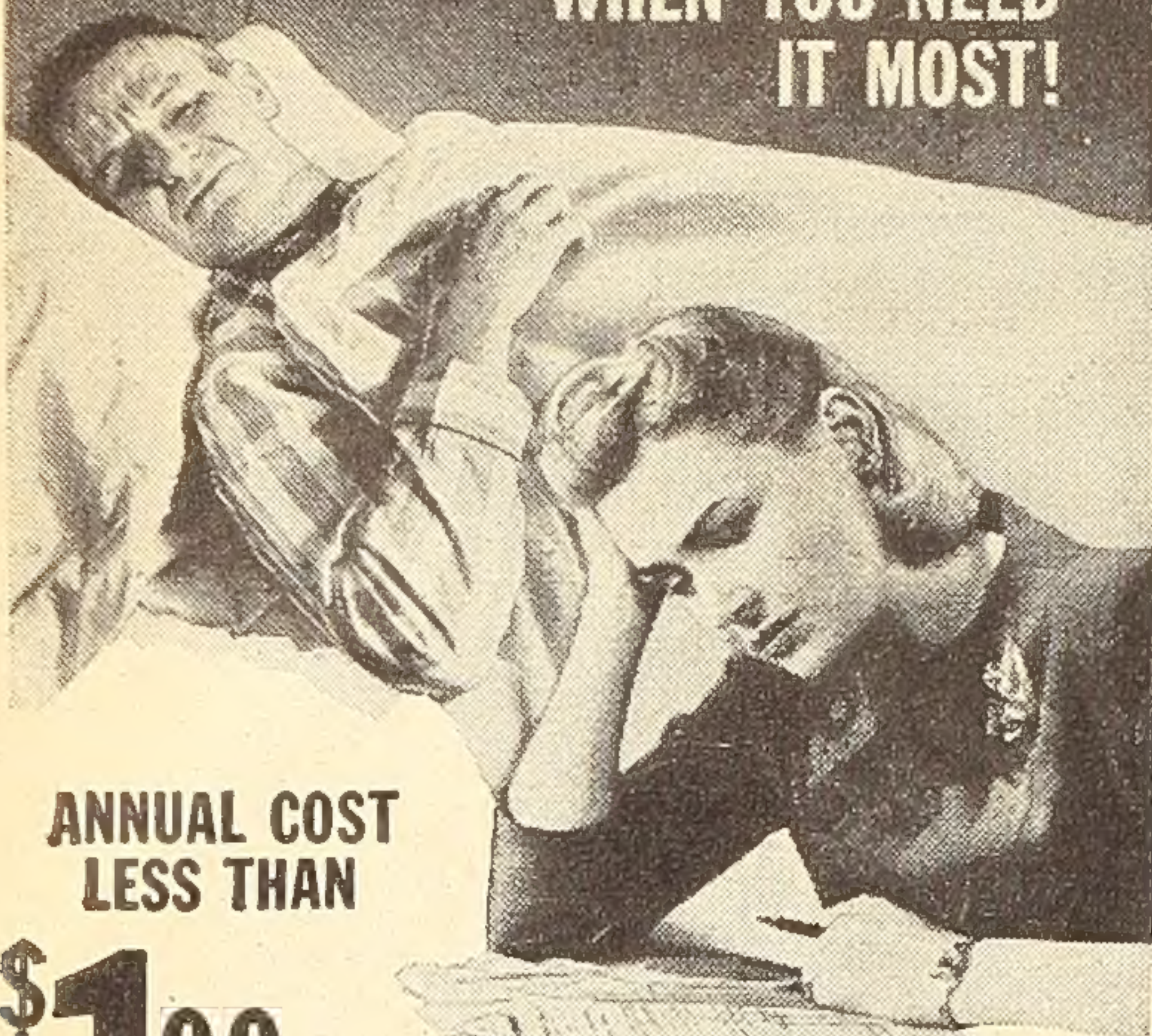
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Directed by MERVYN LeROY • Produced by SAM ZIMBALIST





INVEST **3c A DAY** NOW  
HAVE **CASH**  
WHEN YOU NEED  
IT MOST!



ANNUAL COST  
LESS THAN

**\$1.00**

A MO. FOR THE

AMAZING NEW

**GOLD SEAL**

**POLICY**

**PAYS** accumulated

**ACCIDENT BENEFITS**

for Accidental Loss of Life, Limb, or Sight up to . . . . . **\$6000.00**

**For LOSS OF TIME!**

Accident Disability Benefits up to \$100 a month for as long as 24 months, or . . . . . **\$2400.00**

**SICKNESS BENEFITS**

For Loss of Time due to Sickness, a maximum Monthly Income of . . . . . **\$100.00 PER MO.**

**HOSPITAL EXPENSES**

for Sickness or Accident, including \$5.00 a day for hospital room, up to . . . . . **\$650.00**

**All Around PROTECTION**

Cash for almost every emergency! Benefits that are big enough to be worthwhile! . . . yet, this extra-liberal "Gold Seal" policy, issued by old-line LEGAL RESERVE Service Life Insurance Company actually costs less than \$1 per month. **DON'T TAKE CHANCES!** Remember that Accidents happen to 20 persons every minute of every day . . . Sickness strikes when least expected . . . and an average of one person in every family goes to the hospital each year. Consider these facts, and **ACT NOW** to get this policy which pays for any and all accidents, all the common sicknesses, even for minor injuries, and for hospitalization, according to the liberal terms of the policy. Important also, disability benefits start the first day, no waiting period.

**No Medical Examination**

required! No red tape! No embarrassing investigation! Policy issued by mail at **BIG SAVINGS** to men or women, ages 15 to 69. Actual policy made out in your name, payable to your beneficiary sent for 10 Days' **FREE EXAMINATION**. No cost. No obligation. No salesman will call. Use coupon below. Mail it today. Remember, tomorrow might be too late!



**FREE 10-Day Inspection Coupon**

**THE SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
452B Service Life Bldg., Omaha, Nebr.

Without cost or obligation, send your **GOLD SEAL \$1-A-MONTH Policy** for 10 DAYS' **FREE INSPECTION**.

Name .....

Address..... Age.....

City..... State.....

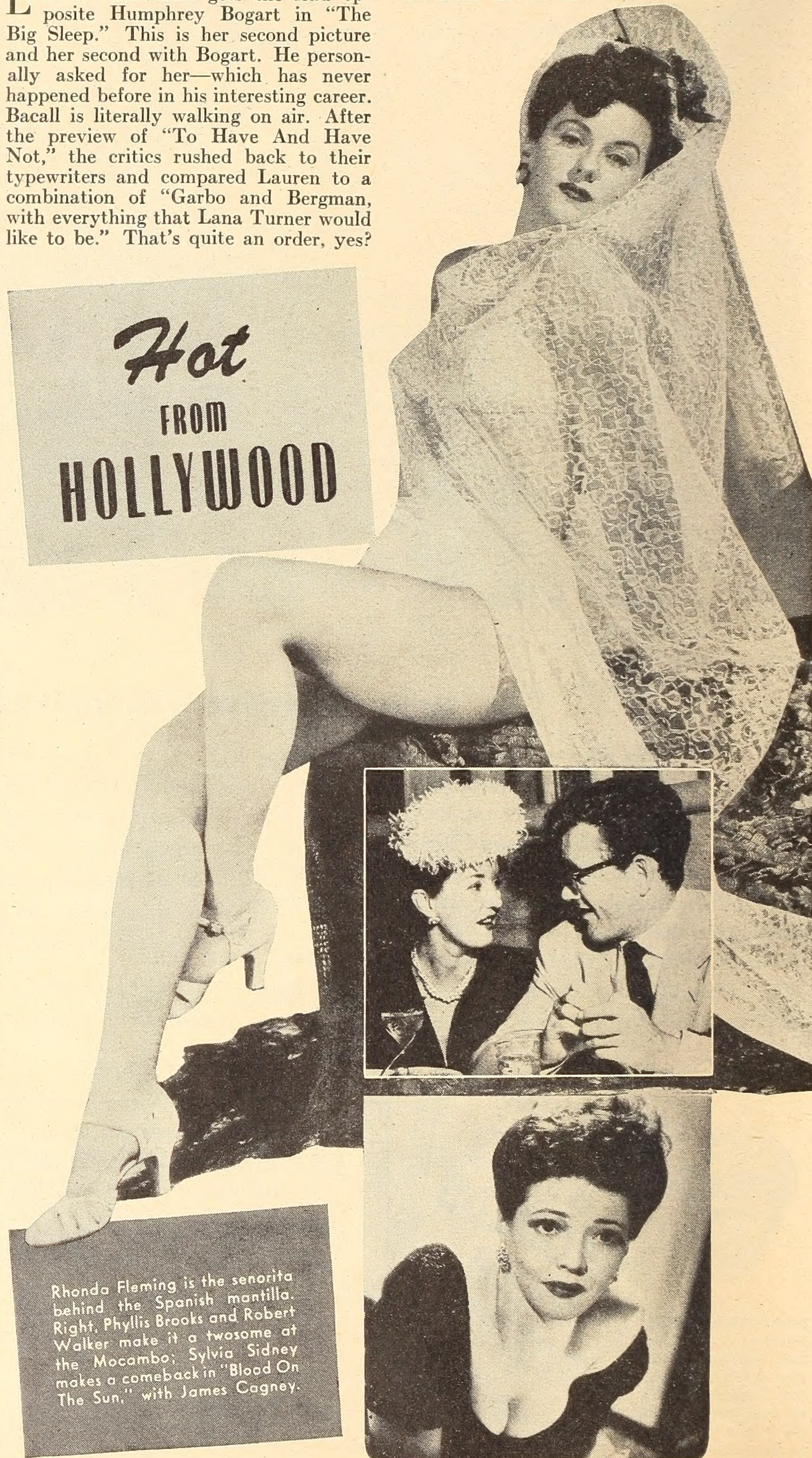
Beneficiary .....

**PARAMOUNT** has asked Diana Lynn not to marry Major "Doc" Livingstone, at least until her career is a bit better established. In the meantime, Doc flew out from Cincinnati to help Diana celebrate her 18th birthday. His present to her was a pair of jewelled wings to pin over her heart.

**LAUREN BACALL** gets the lead opposite Humphrey Bogart in "The Big Sleep." This is her second picture and her second with Bogart. He personally asked for her—which has never happened before in his interesting career. Bacall is literally walking on air. After the preview of "To Have And Have Not," the critics rushed back to their typewriters and compared Lauren to a combination of "Garbo and Bergman, with everything that Lana Turner would like to be." That's quite an order, yes?

**MORE THAN** anything else in the world, Dorothy Lamour wants a baby. So far she hasn't been blessed and if the stork doesn't call on her soon, Dotty is going to adopt a little girl. As Mrs. William Ross Howard, the 3rd, she has never been happier. When the war is over and her Major comes home, everyone seems to think that Dorothy will retire from the screen.

*Hot*  
FROM  
**HOLLYWOOD**



Rhonda Fleming is the senorita behind the Spanish mantilla. Right, Phyllis Brooks and Robert Walker make it a twosome at the Mocambo; Sylvia Sidney makes a comeback in "Blood On The Sun," with James Cagney.



COLUMBIA PICTURES  
presents

*Irene*  
**DUNNE · BOYER**  
*Charles*



# Together Again

THE YEAR'S MOST EXCITING ROMANTIC COMEDY!

WITH

*Charles* **COBURN**



Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp and F. Hugh Herbert  
Produced by VIRGINIA VAN UPP · Directed by CHARLES VIDOR

SCREENLAND





# ACTIVE DUTY



When you're home curled up with a book it doesn't matter if your hair slips its moorings... But when the party's in full bloom and the music to your taste, you want a hair-do built for speed and endurance.

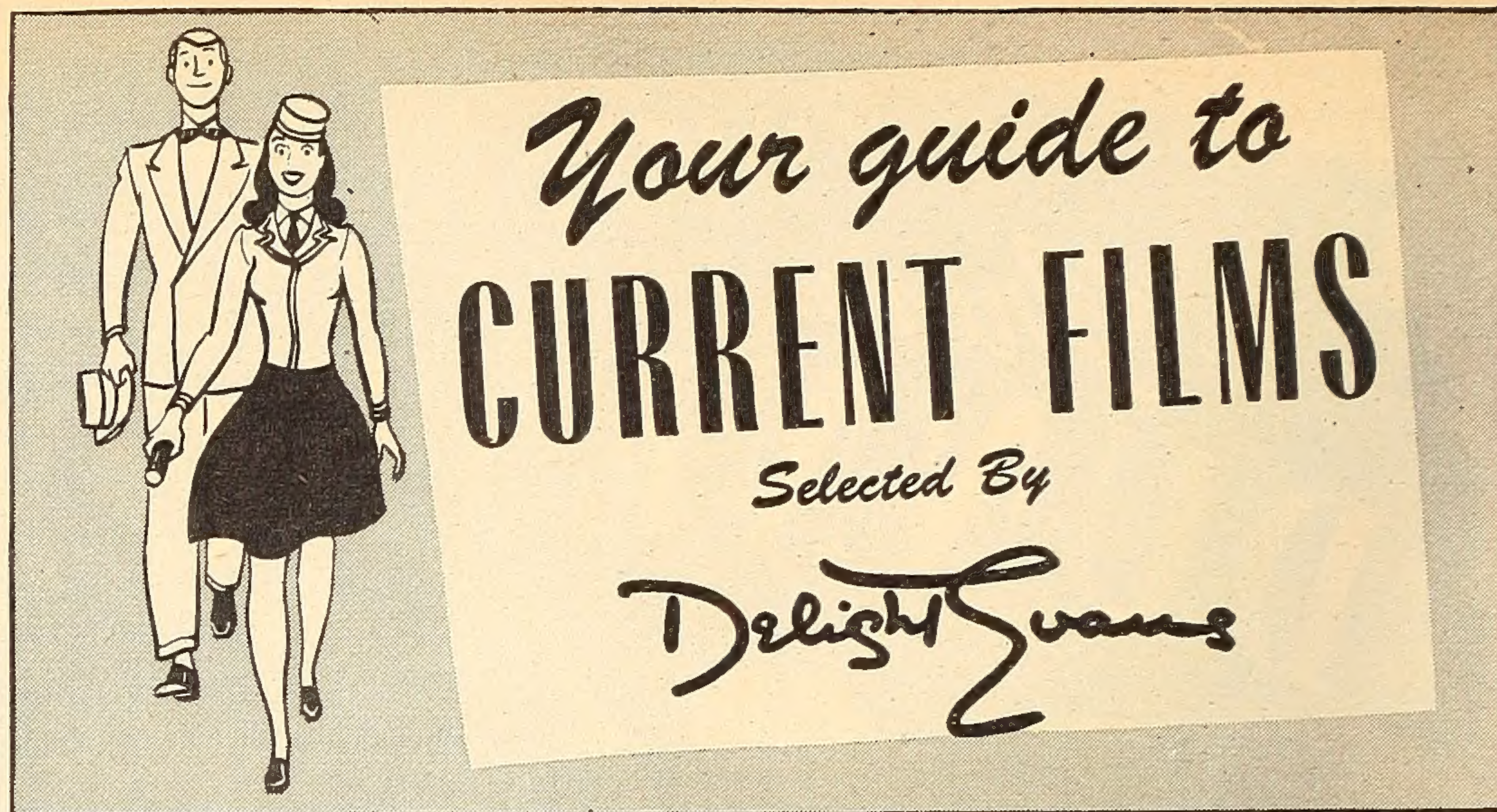
So anchor it, for keeps, with DeLong Bob Pins... They have the strength of true love and the grip of a habit... They'll hold your curls securely, keep your hair-net snugly in place and help make you the glamour-puss of the party.

## Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years  
 BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS  
 SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS  
 HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES  
 SANITARY BELTS



## Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

### TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT—Warner Bros.

Exciting entertainment for a variety of very good reasons. First, Bogart at his salty best. Second, most pungent dialogue heard yet, pointing up most torrid love scenes. Third, first screen appearance of exotic blonde Lauren Bacall, who might be called a combination Lake-Bergman-Hepburn except that her sultry charm is all her own. Hemingway's story about *Harry Morgan* has been called his best work by at least one critic—well, Hollywood has "improved" on *Harry* by setting his scene in Martinique, calling upon him to aid the Free French cause, and the blonde. Watch the girl; listen to Hoagy Carmichael sing and play his own songs.

### MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—MGM

Ideal family picture, particularly for this season of the year, which will enchant practically everybody with any heart at all. Sally Benson's popular stories about the "typical American family" and their everyday adventures form a framework for this wonderful period piece, a romance with music, all in Technicolor. Judy Garland plays to perfection one of the four sisters whose natural and wholesome doings provide many laughs, and a few nostalgic tears. Margaret O'Brien as the adorable baby of the family, Lucille Bremer as the provocative beauty, Mary Astor as the attractive mother, Tom Drake as Judy's suitor — all grand.

### MRS. PARKINGTON—MGM

In this film version of Louis Bromfield's novel, the romantic appeal of co-stars Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon reigns supreme. The story covers a great and colorful era—1875 to 1938—taking the heroine from a poor mining town to the heights of New York society, when she becomes the wife of a handsome and ruthless tycoon. She is his "Sparrow" but he finds her business acumen equals his. The surprising thing about this strong union is the weak, selfish grandchildren. Only one great-granddaughter (Frances Rafferty) shows admirable qualities. Edward Arnold, Agnes Moorhead, Gladys Cooper are standouts in a notable cast.

### AND NOW TOMORROW—Paramount

The film based on Rachel Field's novel has all the elements to make it touchingly sentimental—a young doctor who has succeeded in spite of his impoverished background; a beautiful, wealthy but deaf girl of a New England town's first family; and a pert "minx" who falls in love with her sister's fiance. All this, with Loretta Young and Alan Ladd, too! It's Ladd's first attempt at being a thoroughly nice guy in a movie and after you see what a good job he makes of it, you won't want to see him any other way. Susan Hayward cops some honors in the "other woman" rôle and Barry Sullivan has a strong appeal, as the "other man."

### THE SEVENTH CROSS—MGM

There is a subtle change of trend in this film based on Anna Segher's novel about the "seventh" fugitive from a Nazi concentration camp, and whether it is premature is not for us to answer. Stressed more than slightly is the fact that all Germans may not be double-dealing, black-hearted Nazis. Spencer Tracy plays the starring rôle, and handles the psychological reaction of a tortured man rediscovering human kindness as deftly as he holds the suspense of his search for the German underground. Hume Cronyn is good, and Signe Hasso plays a fine romantic interlude. (More Reviews on page 16)



IT'S A  
HONEY  
OF A  
FUNNY--  
about love  
and money!

# ANN SHERIDAN

ALEXIS  
JACK  
JANE  
Smith  
Carson  
Wyman

IRENE  
Manning  
CHARLES  
Ruggles  
EVE  
Arden

↓  
↓  
2 years  
on the  
stage--  
2000  
Laughs  
on the  
screen!

THE

A SCREENFUL OF SCREAMFUL  
FUN FROM WARNERS!

# LOUGHGIRLS

FROM THE HILARIOUS B'WAY SENSATION!

with JOHN RIDGELY • JOHN ALEXANDER • CRAIG  
STEVENS • BARBARA BROWN • ALAN MOWBRAY  
Directed by JAMES V. KERN

Screen Play by James V. Kern and Sam Hellman • Additional Dialogue by Wilkie Mahoney  
From the Stage Play by Joseph A. Fields • Produced by Max Gordon

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

Produced by MARK HELLINGER



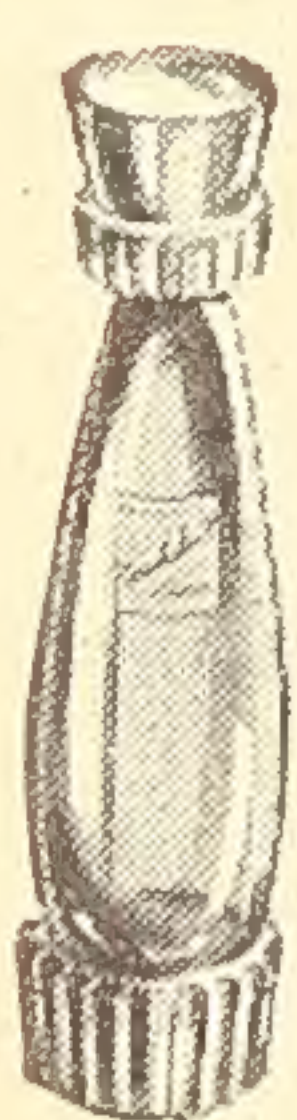
She's  
very  
very...

SHE'S VARVACIOUS!



The moment she enters, all  
else stops; she wins eyes and hearts  
effortlessly, without seeking them  
... for she is *varvacious*! Varva's  
perfumes "Follow Me" and  
"Nonchalant" are the subtle reasons  
she's so very very...

Varva extracts—\$1 to \$15 • Bath Powder, \$1  
Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, \$1 • Bubble Foam, \$1  
Sachet, \$1 and \$1.75 • Talc, 55c  
(plus tax)



NONCHALANT  
(Your Secret Weapon)  
The Devil-May-  
Care Perfume



FOLLOW ME  
(Suivez Moi)  
The Perfume That  
Leads and Lasts

VARVA

Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.



### Critiques or Cheers

Everything YOU have to say about the stars or pictures is of interest to the producers of America's No. 1 entertainment. Your comments act as valuable signposts, showing the movie-makers what you need, as well as what you want to see in films. Enter the Fans' Forum today! Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00 and five \$1.00 prizes, all payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

### FIRST PRIZE WINNER

\$10.00

Open Letter to Producers: "Heavy, heavy hangs over your head!" I mean the responsibility of spreading education or delinquency. You have more influence with our young people than the home, school or church.

Too often you are inadvertently responsible for delinquency. You make your law breakers have an untimely end but you never fail to make the audience feel that he deserved another chance. This puts an idea into the young and fertile brains of school-age boys and girls and they feel that they could be a little smarter and "beat the rap." I am not talking through my hat, either, because we have had several cases of juvenile delinquency in our community that were traced to ideas picked up at the movies.

On the other hand, pictures like "Wilson" give real life to the school classroom. Children are eager to learn more about the years that Wilson lived because the film put reality into hard facts and figures.

Why not do more super jobs like "Wilson" with such men as Nathan Hale, Benjamin Franklin, Andrew Jackson, Alexander Hamilton, etc.? You would be doing a

great educational service and maybe our young people would grow into adults with some knowledge of their country's history.

Our children believe in YOU. Your pictures are law to them. Think this over before your next gangster picture.

MARK DICKINSON, Walker Park, Ga.

### SECOND PRIZE WINNER

\$5.00

Two great pictures recently made their appearance, each of them religious in character. These pictures were "The Song Of Bernadette," dramatizing the great apparitions of Lourdes; "Going My Way," a beautiful portrayal of a typical Catholic parish. Soon to make an appearance is "The Keys Of The Kingdom," also having a religious theme. These pictures make more impression on movie-goers than a thousand sermons. For the time being the theaters become churches where the great truths of eternity are told in a simple and pleasing manner. Divine grace is on the march. When these pictures are shown, lines in front of the box office attest to the fact that divine grace is irresistible. People want to know the great truths of Christianity. The philosophy of Christianity is the only true philosophy of this age and every age.

Every clergyman is startled by the possibilities of this beginning. It reminds them of the biblical quotation, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." Christ is knocking at the door of a new world, the world of entertainment, where once the powers of darkness held undisputed mastery.

These religious pictures are not only excellent in themselves, but they seem to have a refreshing influence upon the entire industry. We need pictures of this kind to remind us that Providence is still running the world. Today, radio commentators have almost supplanted Providence, as if the puny hand of man had anything to do with the tide of history. A new light is shining in Hollywood, a light which may be the salvation to many poor souls who belong to no church and have not time to determine what

(Please turn to page 17)



the whispers grew into a roar...

the woman grew into a legend...

the love story grew into

a great motion picture!



A surging, tempestuous story... aglow with tenderness... powerfully emotional.

COLUMBIA PICTURES  
presents

*A Sidney Buchman Production*

# *A Song to Remember*

starring

*Paul*

*Herle*

MUNI  OBERON

with

CORNEL WILDE

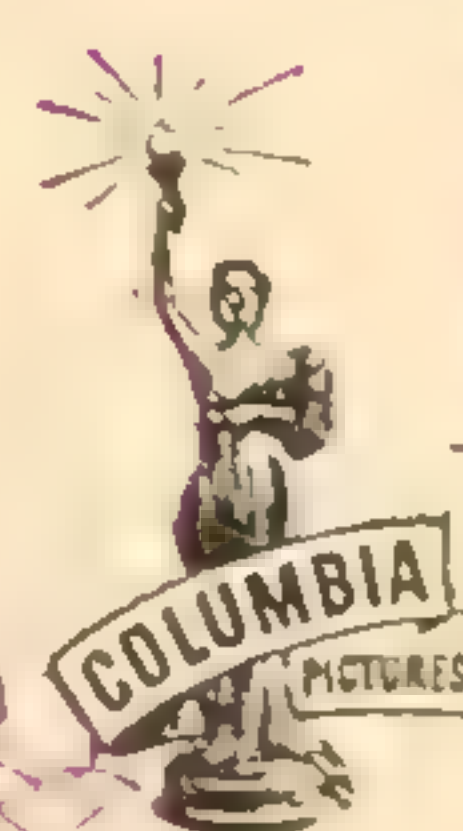
NINA FOCH • GEORGE COULOURIS

Screen Play by Sidney Buchman

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR

A new kind of  
motion picture!

A new miracle of  
**TECHNICOLOR!**



SCREENLAND

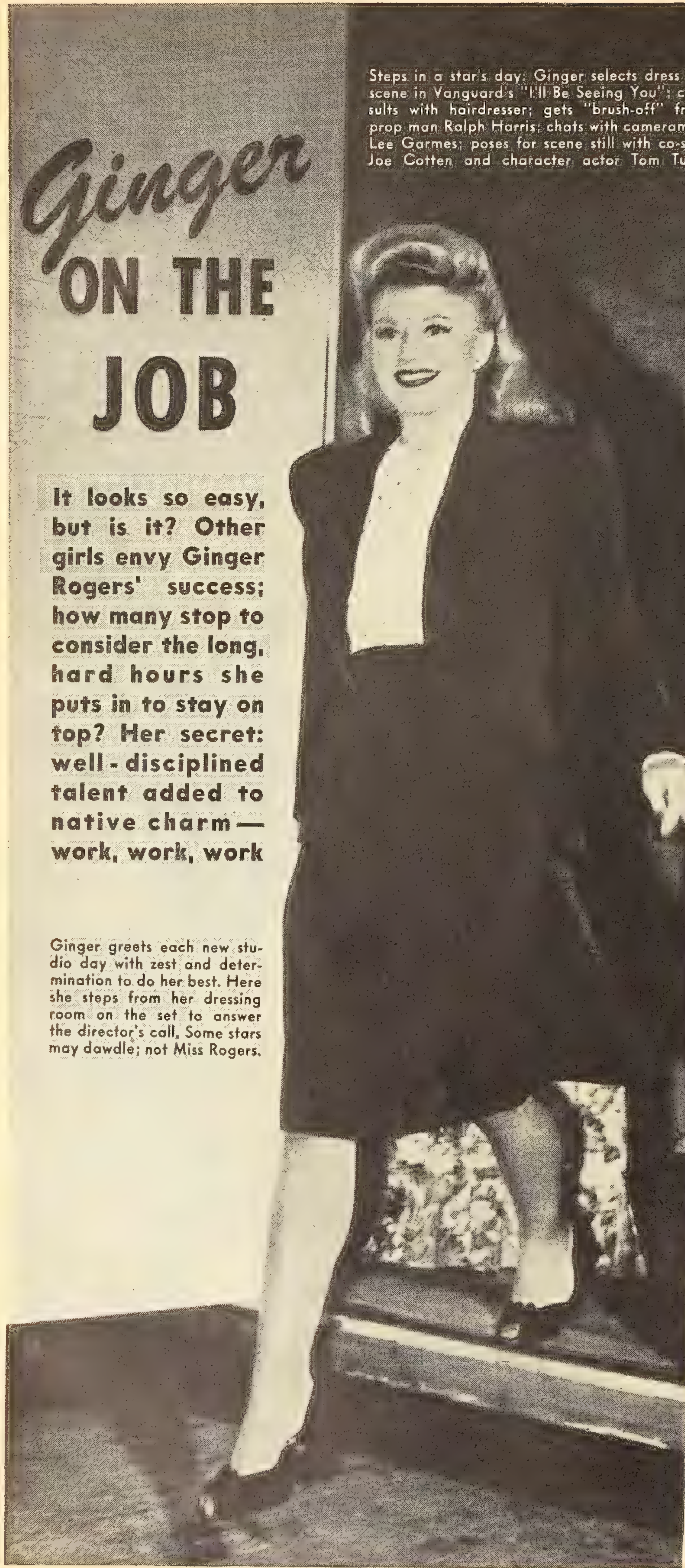


# Ginger ON THE JOB

It looks so easy, but is it? Other girls envy Ginger Rogers' success; how many stop to consider the long, hard hours she puts in to stay on top? Her secret: well-disciplined talent added to native charm — work, work, work

Ginger greets each new studio day with zest and determination to do her best. Here she steps from her dressing room on the set to answer the director's call. Some stars may dawdle; not Miss Rogers.

Steps in a star's day: Ginger selects dress for scene in Vanguard's "I'll Be Seeing You"; consults with hairdresser; gets "brush-off" from prop man Ralph Harris; chats with cameraman Lee Garmes; poses for scene still with co-star Joe Cotten and character actor Tom Tully.







*After that kiss —*  
**look out for a COLD  
 and SORE THROAT!**

## **gargle Listerine Antiseptic—Quick!**

Literally millions of colds and sore throats due to colds are transmitted by direct contact such as a kiss or a handshake. Millions more are transmitted by eating from utensils loaded with germs. Still other millions travel through the air by way of a cough or a sneeze, and still other millions develop as a result of lowered body resistance which often allows germs to get the upper hand.

If you've been thus exposed, better gargle right away with Listerine Antiseptic . . . attack the germs associated with colds and their sore throats before they attack you.

The prompt and frequent use of Listerine Antiseptic may help you to head off a cold entirely or reduce its severity once the cold has started.

### **Fewer Colds In Tests**

Listerine, you see, reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the "secondary invaders" that so many

nose and throat specialists say are responsible for some of a cold's most distressing symptoms.

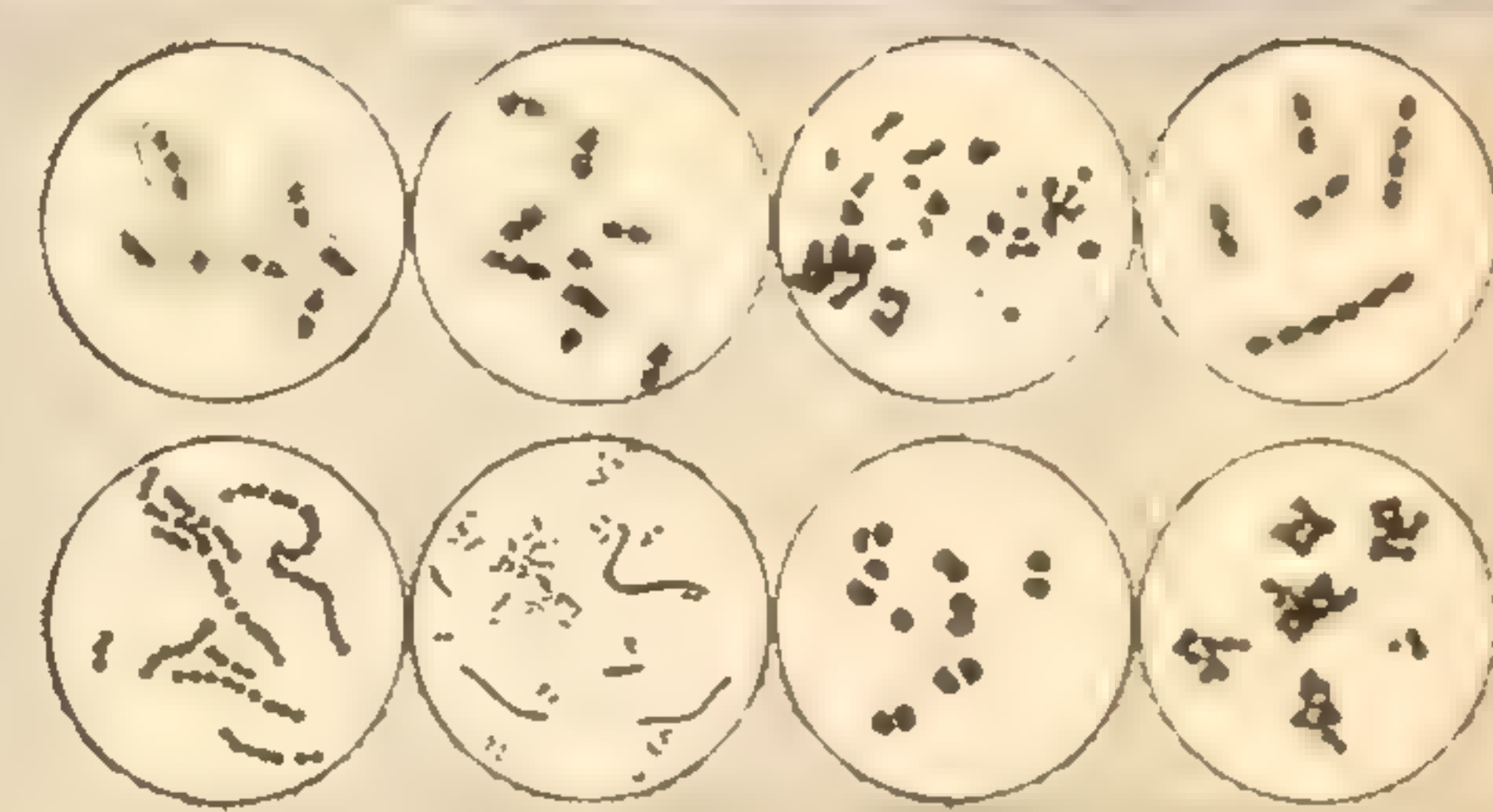
You can see how important it is to guard against a "mass invasion" of the tissue by these ugly customers. (See panel at right.)

Listerine's quick germ-killing action, we believe, explains its impressive record against colds as shown by tests conducted over a period of 12 years.

Regular twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users in these tests had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers. Moreover, their colds, when they did develop, were generally milder in character and of shorter duration.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on it is just plain common sense to start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic. Meanwhile, get all the rest you can and eat lightly.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

### **The "Secondary Invaders"**

Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they get the upper hand.

### **Note How Listerine Reduced Germs**

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.





Homespun yarn presents Elizabeth Taylor, 12, in her first big rôle, with Mickey Rooney



Elizabeth, black-haired and blue-eyed, is a perfect subject for the Technicolor cameras.



All this, and Jackie "Butch" Jenkins, too! Remember Jackie and Mickey in "The Human Comedy"?

## *It's All Velvet!*

When a picture's about a girl, a boy, a horse, and assorted pets. In fact, it's the forthcoming "National Velvet," with Mickey Rooney, Elizabeth Taylor, Jackie Jenkins.







## These people buy a battleship — every week!

**Meet John S—— and Mary D——**

John works at an electronics plant on Long Island, and makes \$85 a week. Almost 16% of it goes into War Bonds.

Mary has been driving rivets into the hide of one bomber after another out at an airplane plant on the West Coast. She makes \$55 a week, and puts 14% of it into War Bonds.

John and Mary are typical of more than 27 million Americans on the Payroll Savings Plan who, every single month, put a half a BILLION dollars into War Bonds. That's enough to buy

one of those hundred-million-dollar battleships every week, with enough money for an aircraft carrier and three or four cruisers left over.

**In addition,** John and Mary and the other people on the Payroll Plan have been among the biggest buyers of *extra* Bonds in every War Loan Drive.

When you come to figure out the total job that John and Mary have done, it's a little staggering.

They've made the Payroll Savings Plan the backbone of the whole War Bond-selling program.

They've helped keep prices down and lick inflation.

They've financed a good share of our war effort all by themselves, and they've tucked away billions of dollars in savings that are going to come in mighty handy for both them and their country later on.

**When this war** is finally won, and we start giving credit where credit is due, don't forget John and Mary. After the fighting men, they deserve a place right at the top of the list. They've earned it.



## You've backed the attack—now speed the Victory!

# SCREENLAND



*Make Martinis  
with Rum*

*Make  
them  
Better  
with*



**RONRICO**

*Best RUM bar none*

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free Copy, Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. United States Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C.

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### GUARD YOUR NAILS WITH SEAL-COTE



Busy hands deserve protection for beauty's sake. More and more smart women are finding SEAL-COTE an amazing beauty aid. SEAL-COTE protects the nails and the polish — adds lustre! Make your manicures last longer—SEAL-COTE your nails today and every day.

**SEAL-COTE**  
25c at Cosmetic Counters

## Your Guide to Current Films



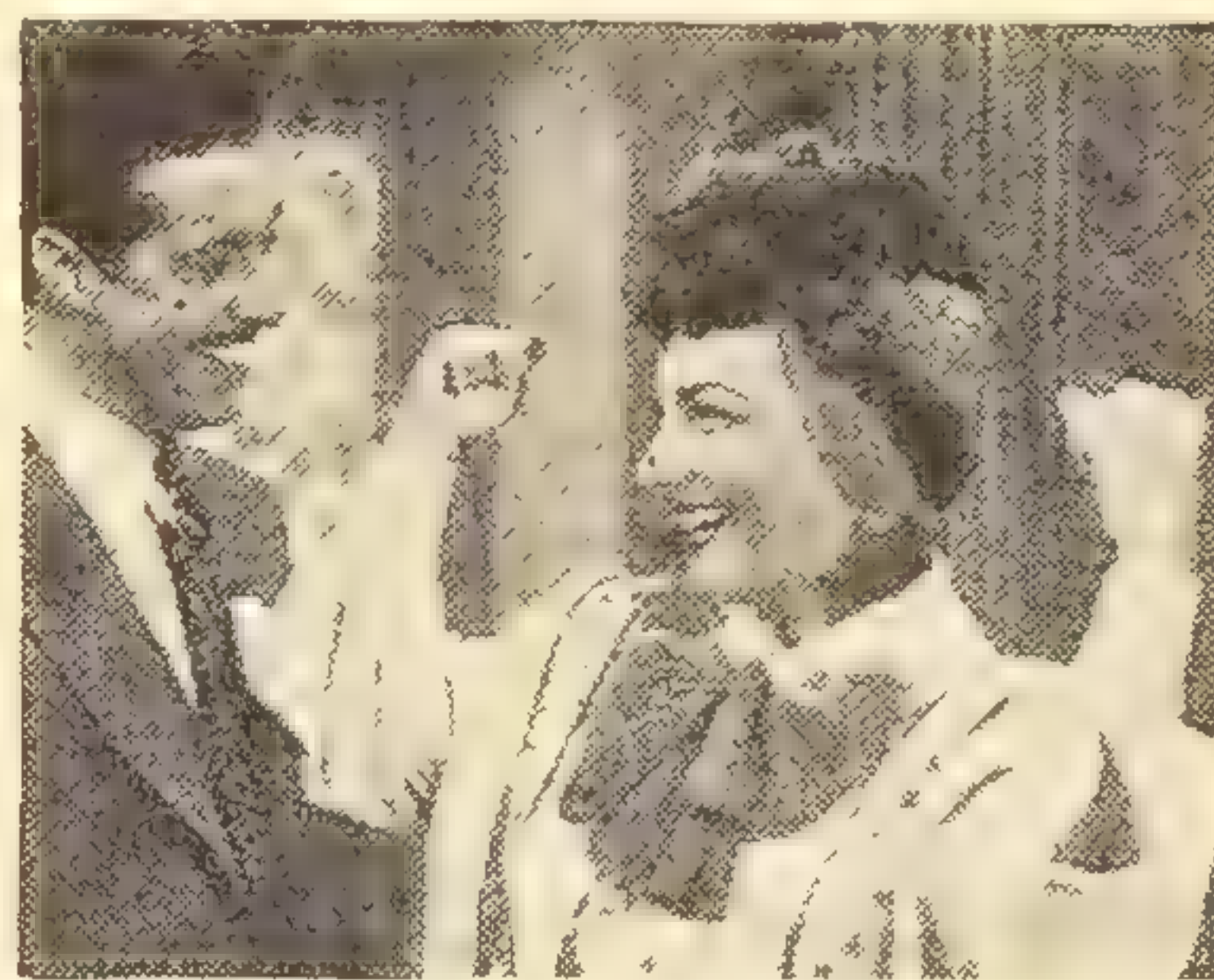
### THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO—MGM

First a book retold those terrific "thirty seconds" in World War II. And now they're all down on film—a fine tribute to the air-men who participated in the dangerous mission, as well as a fine production full of suspense, excitement, interest and romance. Action centers around Van Johnson as Lieutenant (now Major) Ted Lawson, pilot of the "Ruptured Duck," and his crew (played by Robert Walker, gunner; Tim Murdock, co-pilot; Gordon McDonald, bombardier; and Don DeFore, navigator). Van Johnson has never been better in his love scenes, and Phyllis Thaxter will attract attention, too. Spencer Tracy's short rôle as Lieutenant Colonel (now Lieutenant General) Doolittle adds a great dignity to the film. A "must."



### LAURA—20th Century-Fox

Here's a murder mystery that will wake you up just when you think everything's going according to formula and you've got the whole thing solved. It starts off all right with a neatly committed murder, a nice handsome detective (Dana Andrews) deftly lining up his suspects: Vincent Price, a wastrel with a southern accent and a past history, who casts eyes toward pretty models while he's engaged to *Laura*; Judith Anderson, a jealous female who is perfectly willing to spend money on the man she loves; and Clifton Webb, a dapper, elderly columnist who molds *Laura* into a vision of loveliness. Gene Tierney nicely fills center of interest in title rôle. Not a routine picture!



### GREENWICH VILLAGE—20th Century-Fox

It's the same old story about the hick from the sticks with a concerto to sell in the big city, the singing star who's waiting for her chance, meeting this time in a gaily Technicolorful Greenwich Village in the speakeasy days. But you won't mind seeing it again with Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda (better than ever), a new lovely who will go places: the cherry blonde Vivian Blaine, and William Bendix dishing out the romance, music, and comedy in generous portions. Among the tuneful new songs, an oldtime favorite, "Whispering," makes a pleasureable comeback standing out in several sequences.



### THE PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE—RKO

What Bob Hope does to storybook pirates, princesses and hidden treasures is murderous but mirthful. And when you try to pin the story down to the correct era when the skull and crossbones terrorized the Seven Seas, he will jolt you back to the present with some inane witticism that's typically Bob Hope. The rest of the cast—Virginia Mayo, who does a fine job of her royal highness, Victor McLaglen, playing the bold pirate behind a black shaggy beard, Walter Slezak, the oily governor out to collect the ransom—take their rôles seriously, making fine foils for Bob's quips. Samuel Goldwyn produced it all in Technicolor, including the pretty Goldwyn Girls all done up in attractive costumes. There's a surprise ending.



### MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR—MGM

What they are called upon to do in this picture the co-stars, Lana Turner and John Hodiak, perform with admirable sincerity. But in our opinion it would be hard to find two such people in the world of reality. The wife is the daughter of a many times married mother, which might explain her precarious feeling of instability in her marriage. The husband is the son of staid New England parents, who have been married to each other for thirty years. Real or not, however, you'll enjoy seeing the final meeting of minds of this handsome team—with such a pretty distraction as Frances Gifford upsetting the husband's illusions, and stalwart James Craig vying for wife's attention.



### MAISIE GOES TO RENO—MGM

The latest of Ann Sothorn's "Maisie" series finds the female riveter in the famed divorce city, but not for the obvious reason, since, as her fans will realize, she has never yet been able to snare a mate. The helpful blonde from Brooklyn this time becomes involved in preventing a serviceman's wealthy wife from getting a divorce, and in so doing cracks open a ring of forgers, extortionists and what have you—with the able aid of handsome John Hodiak, a dealer on the gaming tables, who really takes a shine to our heroine. Tom Drake, Ava Gardner, Paul Cavanaugh are tops in supporting cast.



## Fans' Forum

Continued from page 10

church would be best for them. These are the people who say, "Lead, kindly light, of Hollywood."

REV. HENRY DUNN, Bison, N. D.

### FIVE PRIZE LETTERS

\$1.00 Each

Stop me if you've heard this one. Margaret O'Brien is a wonderful little actress. Enough can never be said of her performances.

My ancient grandmother once told me that the tears we shed when crying fill large buckets up in Paradise that we must carry when we get there (if we do). So please don't let little Margaret make us cry any more for I'm quite sure now I will never be able to carry mine two feet.

WALTER EDWARD OZEMINA,  
Wall, N. J.

If Sinatra is nicknamed "The Voice," Crosby "The Groaner," Grable "The Legs," etc., why doesn't Hollywood name June Allyson, that sweet, new sensation, "The Personality?" She certainly has plenty of it. When I saw Miss Allyson in "Two Girls And A Sailor," she won my heart completely. I didn't care if she could sing, dance, or act (all three she does wonderfully). For my money, all she had to do was stand there and look sweet.

Here's one actress that I personally hope gets every break that's possible. I'll be watching for Miss Allyson and I hope she gets to the very top of the ladder and stays there.

BETTY SCIOTTI, Albany, N. Y.

We're told "The Greeks Had A Word For It," but I think our good friend Robert Benchley should be given credit right here and now for using *two words* most effectively recently when he gave some subtle hints to movie-goers in a classic called, "Movie Pests."

Actually, that short was the *pièce de résistance* on an all-good bill — because it showed up well-known movie pests in a hilarious bit of goings-on in a way that kidded the entire movie audience until it almost split its sides laughing. When one noted the women in the audience at last remembering to remove picture hats (but not for picture shows!), and when the lady next to me laughed almost hysterically as she guiltily hunted her one tight and discarded shoe (under *my* seat), one just knew the picture had struck home and had done it so humorously that no one was offended.

My only criticism is that Mr. Benchley doesn't make it a regular weekly or monthly feature. Surely there are enough characteristics of movie pests that could be used for more such shorts, with, who knows, a much needed reforming effect on the worst of us.

RUTH BRACKER STONE,  
New York, N. Y.

My husband and I saw "Double Indemnity" last night. Although we agreed after the show was over that it was unusual entertainment, a curious sense of disgust sweeps over me today as I think about it.

What was Barbara Stanwyck thinking of? She was always one of my favorite actresses. Whether she portrayed a streamlined hussy or straight-laced women, her pictures unfailingly guaranteed two hours of solid entertainment. But as *Phyllis*, the sexy, blonde murderess, she was just plain horrible.  
(Please turn to page 80)



Now I know why they say

**Evening in Paris is made for Romance**

EVENING IN PARIS face powder, touching the skin with silken bloom  
... faint flush of feather-light Evening in Paris rouge... a sweet  
mouth glorified by the satin flame of Evening in Paris lipstick.  
Yes, truly Evening in Paris is the make-up for Romance  
...the reason why it is said "to make a  
lovely lady even lovelier,  
Evening in Paris."

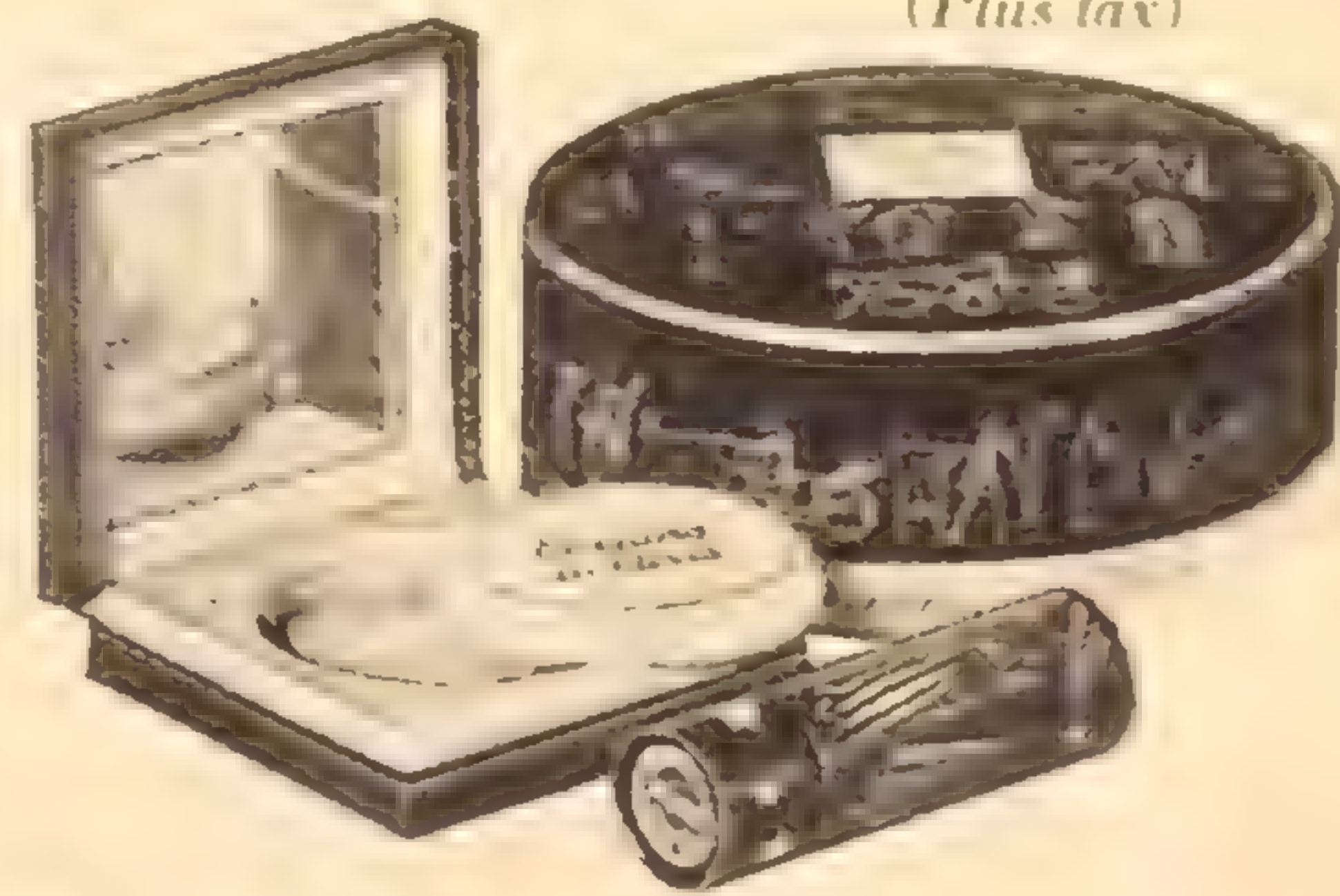
Face Powder \$1.00  
Lipstick 50c  
Rouge 50c  
Perfume \$1.25 to \$10.00  
(Plus tax)

Tune in "Here's to Romance,"  
with Jim Ameche and Ray  
Bloch's Orchestra, featuring  
Larry Douglas with guest stars  
—Thursday evenings,  
Columbia Network.

Evening in Paris

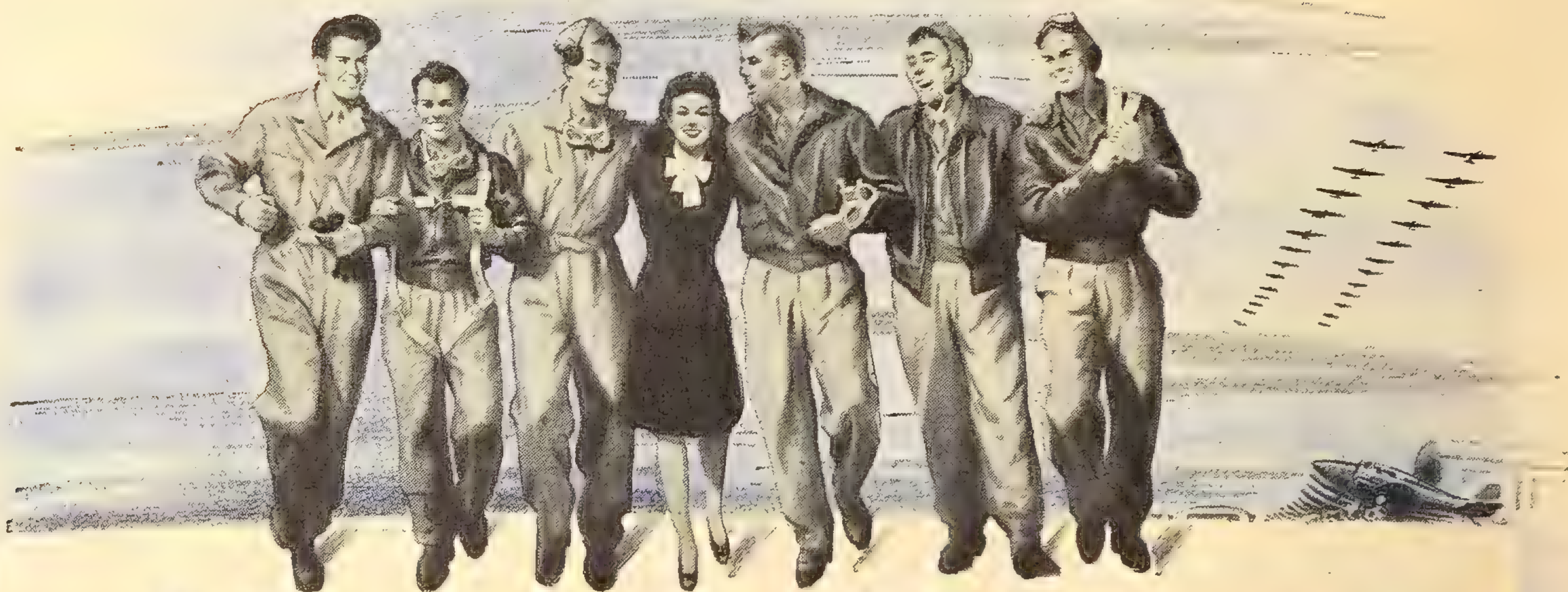
DISTRIBUTED BY

**BOURJOIS** NEW YORK





*Here they come...  
out of the  
"Wild Blue Yonder"  
... flying straight  
into your heart!*



MOSS HART'S

# *Winged Victory*

PRESENTED BY 20TH CENTURY-FOX IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

It's the story of guys  
like Alan, Pinky and Irving...  
of girls like Dorothy, Helen,  
Ruth...of things like gallantry,  
guts and glory! Filmed  
from the Army Air Forces'  
own smashing Broadway  
and Hollywood stage hit!



with  
Pvt. LON McALLISTER · JEANNE CRAIN · Sgt. EDMOND O'BRIEN · JANE BALL · Sgt. MARK DANIELS · JO-CARROLL DENNISON · Cpl. DON TAYLOR · JUDY HOLLIDAY  
Cpl. LEE J. COBB · T/Sgt. PETER LIND HAYES · Cpl. ALAN BAXTER · Produced by DARRYL E. ZANUCK · Directed by GEORGE CUKOR · Stage and Screen Play by Moss Hart



# The Editor's Page

## AN OPEN LETTER TO FRANK SINATRA

DEAR VOICE:

There's been a lot of talk about you lately, and not too sweet. I for one don't want to believe it and won't if I can help it, so I'm going on record on your side. Until further notice.

No—I'm not one of those who started waiting in line at 4:30 A.M. outside the Paramount Theater in New York during your recent engagement there. I have never stolen a Sinatra tie, or squealed at a broadcast. But I am a Sinatra fan from way back and I want to keep on being one, if possible. It's all up to you. "They say" you kicked Hollywood in the teeth; that you only condescend to make pictures there because the climate is good for children. Of course you denied it but the story of "temperament" stuck. You're smart, so you'll want to do something about that. You know that feeling that way about Hollywood—if it does indeed to you stink—you couldn't do a good job anyway. After all, you don't HAVE to make pictures, as you point out. Not when you can stand 'em in line around the block waiting to see and hear you in person; not when you have your CBS airshow; not when you've become such a national figure that you are even called in on political meetings. And you've just had a transport plane named after you. Now that is really fame. I mean it. After all, planes have been named after glamor girls but this is the first one I know of to be named for a glamor boy. It's quite an honor. It's something to live up to. Think you can do it?

Delight Evans

Sinatra, right, in cockpit of Douglas C-47 troop-cargo transport plane which was christened "The Voice" during Frank's visit to Long Beach, Calif., ATC Base for his airshow. Left, Frank in latest movie rôle in MGM's "Anchors Aweigh."



U.S. ARMY AIR FORCE S-SERIAL

THIS AIRCRAFT WAS  
ENTERED THIS 10-1-47  
WITH THE 10-1-47

THIS AIRCRAFT WAS  
ENTERED THIS 10-1-47  
WITH THE 10-1-47

The  
VOICE



# ARE YOU THE GIRL He Wants To Come Home To? asks *Ann Sheridan*



Challenge to Miss  
and Mrs. America!  
Ann Sheridan  
brings back from  
overseas the  
straight slant on  
our boys' thinking,  
hoping, dreaming

**I**T WOULD have been a strenuous journey even in peace time, that 60,000 mile USO tour from which Ann Sheridan had just returned. She had played in Casablanca, Oran, Algiers and Cairo, and after two weeks in India she had flown over the Hump into China and then on to the Burma jungles where her troupe gave shows for Merrill's Marauders and Chennault's Flying Tigers and the men of Stilwell's Army.

She had come to know those men in the eight weeks she had been away, and most important of all she had listened to them as they talked. She had visited them in hospitals and driven with them in jeeps and flown with them in planes and eaten with them at mess, and so if anyone should know what they are thinking about and talking about and dreaming about, that person is Ann Sheridan.

Before she went on that trip she had wondered if all that hullabaloo about pin-up girls had been dreamed up by Hollywood press agents anxious to keep their clients in the public eye. For that's the kind of girl Ann is, she'll look a gift horse in the mouth any time. She stated very frankly that for the life of her she couldn't see why pretty pictures of Hollywood glamor girls, including her own, should mean a thing to those men facing the hard realities of life and death that they are called on to face.

But much to her amazement she received so many requests for pin-up pictures from the GIs she met, that she had (Please turn to page 59)



By  
Elizabeth B.  
Petersen



Ann Sheridan autographs at mess for soldiers in China on her USO Camp Shows tour of the C-B-I theater of war.




Ruth Denas, Jackie Miles and Ann Sheridan are interested spectators of snake charming act in India during USO tour.



Ann Sheridan and Ben Blue, left, perform for the boys in Cairo, Egypt, enroute home; right, wash day at the first stop in China; below, Ruth Denas and Ann Sheridan take mess with G.I.'s in Agra, India.







"Meet Me in St. Louis" brings Lucille Bremer sudden screen glory — scene left, with Hank Daniels in MGM nostalgic romance

## RED HEAD, *Hot Feet*

Lucille Bremer from Broadway is dancing her way to Hollywood fame—fast! Read how she does it

**By Hattie Bilson**

**A** GLIMPSE into the personal history of Lucille Bremer reveals a series of startling incidents indicative of a wilful, stubborn temperament. "But I'm neither wilful nor stubborn," states Lucille in her own defense. "I just get hunches and play them for all they're worth, especially if my big right toe is tingling. That's a sure sign of good luck."

Her most spectacular hunches came in bunches one evening last year at a swank New York restaurant where she entertained nightly as the glamorous half of a ballroom dance team. "I was about to go on, when I suddenly got a feeling that this was The Night. The orchestra played our entrance music again and again while I dashed back to my dressing room and changed into a gown I had been saving for a special event. During the number my partner whispered, 'What's got into you tonight, Fleety-Belle? You never danced like this

(Please turn to page 69)




*Here's to a Happier New Year!*  
*Margaret O'Brien*



Hollywood's newest star, little Margaret O'Brien, blows out the candles on 1944, and lights up a promising 1945. Margaret is appearing with Judy Garland in MGM's "Meet Me in St. Louis."





"They" say you  
can't get along  
Hollywood by ac-  
ing normal all the  
time! But Robert  
Walker shows how  
it can be done

By  
Alyce  
Canfield

Now in "Thirty Seconds in  
Tokyo" with Van Johnson (p. 12)  
low) Bob Walker repeats  
success of "See Here, Private  
Hargrove" and "Since  
Went Away." He's Hollywood  
boy from now on. Facing p. 24  
new exclusive home photo

YOU  
CAN'T DO  
THAT,

Bob  
WALKER



**R**OBERT WALKER has the setup all wrong. In Hollywood, it's positively fatal to go around minding your own business and staying home smoking a pipe and reading things like "Storm Point" and "Miracle In The Rain" and letting your dinner get cold while you look at a sunset. You see, Mr. Walker, you gotta have drama and dash and color to be a movie star, and you'll just never get along acting so normal all the time!

I appraised Bob Walker over our roast beef and coffee. He didn't look like a movie star—he looked like the boy next door. And what with yelling "Hi, bub!" to this passerby and that one without malice aforethought but just with undesigning friendliness, there was something wonderfully wrong with the picture. Where was the famous old Hollywood caste system (stars don't speak to extras, you know) and where was the conceit, and the round table of yes-men? All noticeably absent. Everyone knows you have to play it smart with the right people, be publicity-wise and hit all the gossip columns, to be a success. Maybe you just don't *know*, Mr. Walker!

Take that time you were five. You stumbled on a couple of drums down in the basement, whereupon you and your older brother took a liking to drums. I mean, you see, to do a good story we'd have to color it up a bit, let on like you *fell* in the drums, or something!

You go on with the drum business and you say you went out and sold magazines and bought yourself a set of drums. Well, it ought to wind up that today you just can't stand the sight of them. So when you say that today you play the drums with recordings for *relaxation*, that's not true to form. What I mean is that most people lie in the sun at Palm Springs for relaxation, or at least just lie in the sun. They don't go around beating drums! So perhaps you'd better soft-pedal that part, Mr. Walker. Not that I doubt but that's exactly how you spend a weary Sunday evening, but it's just not the kind of thing you go around doing when you're a star. It's not *commercial*. You could take baths in goat milk, you understand, and that would be unusual too, but in a different way—then we could say you were eccentric or sensational or good copy.

I asked when you had your first romance, your really serious one, and you said when you were six. Really, Mr. Walker, that's not what I meant! —(Please turn to page 81)





Gladys Hall listens in as Edmund O'Brien and Ray MacDonald, two of the "Winged Victory" boys, discuss the picture and their plans for the future



# "CONVERSATION PIECE"

**EDMUND O'BRIEN:** "Well kid, tomorrow's the last day of shooting on 'Winged Victory,' and it's good-bye now to Hollywood—how did you feel, by the way, when you knew you were coming back to Hollywood for the picture?"

**Ray MacDonald:** "Glad. Glad to get back here. Met Judy Garland the day we got in and she asked me what I'd missed most while I was away. Night baseball, I told her, golf (I'm a golf nut), the climate, the sight of the hills as the sun goes down—yeah, glad! When I had the mixed emotions was when I got my orders to report to Moss Hart in New York, for the Broadway show."

**O'Brien:** "I know. An assignment to Broadway, in wartime—kind of incongruous."

**MacDonald:** "Not the kind of mission I'd imagined when I enlisted with the Air Corps, directly after I finished working with Judy in 'Presenting Lily

Left and right above: Closeups of Sgt. Edmund O'Brien and Cpl. Ray MacDonald. Right, reading down, scenes from the film version of Moss Hart's AAF play, "Winged Victory": Jeanne Crain and Cpl. Barry Nelson; Jane Ball in a closeup with Pvt. Lon McCallister; Jo Carol Dennison and S/Sgt. Mark Daniels.

Mars' I was all hopped up about being a pilot-combat, not cinema—took my cadet training, washed out when exams disclosed I am red-green color-blind—you know, can't distinguish red from green and vice versa. Washed me out clean, that did, for since signals for planes taking off and landing are red and green—Red, Stay Up; Green, Come Down—it's a cinch to figure what the score would be for me."

(Please turn to page 88)







FOR  
"WINGED  
VICTORY"

Here are four of the many soldier-actors contributing toward the making of Moss Hart's "Winged Victory" into a stirring motion picture for 20th Century-Fox. Top left, Private Lon McCallister. Top right, Staff Sergeant Mark Daniels.

Boys appearing in "Winged Victory" may be the Cagneys, Tracys, Barrymores of the post-war period, in the opinion of George Cukor, who directs the screen version of the A. A. F. show. Left above, Sergeant George Reeves; right, Corporal Don Taylor.



Hollywood's star reporter investigates Van Johnson's popularity and passes along some surprising conclusions

By  
Elizabeth  
Wilson

# What IS THE SECRET of VAN'S APPEAL?



Ask any of the girls Van has ever acted with—they'll all tell you the same thing about Hollywood's new fair-haired boy. Top, Van shares a scene with sweet newcomer Phyllis Thaxter in MGM's "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," in which Johnson portrays war hero Ted Lawson. Above, kidding around with that "Maisie" character—otherwise known as Ann Sothern.

WHEN Xavier Cugat released his rhumbas (which seem to have a most releasing effect on the already uninhibited hips of Hollywood) at the newly decorated Ciro's recently, the most ogled young man in the entire room was Van Johnson. Van, completely unaware of the excitement he was causing, was beaming happily at a ringside table with his pals, the Keenan Wynns. "Ogle" means to look at fondly, and that's exactly what the feminine guests were doing to Van. Despite the fact that he had some pretty stiff competition in that opening night crush, including handsome Johnny Payne, back from the wars, all eyes were glued on Van. And you didn't need a Dunninger to tell you that every girl in the place was thinking how nice it would be if Van Johnson would come over to the table and ask her to dance. She'd gladly toss her escort out on his left ear.

When Van left Ciro's at a nice conservative hour because he had to work the next day, bedlam broke loose in the parking lot. Seems that the sweater and skirt brigade knew he was there that night and they were waiting for their idol in

full force. The Voice never got a rush more terrific than that, believe me. "He's got freckles," one girl screamed, and swooned on his fender. "He's cute," another cried rapturously, and shoved one of our better glamor girls into a pot of geraniums. On them she looked good.

This Johnson rush, I am reliably informed, is nothing new. It goes on all the time. Van has only to stick his head out of a movie theater, a broadcasting station, a restaurant, or a night club, and the bobby socks swoop. It's getting so the guy can't keep a handkerchief or a tie. Why, he's crowding Alan Ladd and Frank Sinatra right out of top place in Hollywood.

Van's fan mail is jumping by leaps and bounds. It has already surpassed that of every other actor or actress on the Metro lot. And mind you, that lot has such nifties as Lana Turner, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly and Clark Gable, who aren't exactly goons. The writers and publicity folk and the "just people" who have been caught in the Johnson rush say, as they nurse their bruised shins, that the fans were never so enthu-

(Please turn to page 62)



IN HER ELEGANT WORLD ...  
A LADY OF ICE ...  
IN HIS WORLD OF ADVENTURE ...  
A WOMAN OF FIRE!

Bored and beautiful—weary  
of the dull world she knew—  
she found happiness in the  
arms of the bold brigand  
who swept her away on the  
wings of the wind for 24  
reckless hours ... From the  
exciting novel by DAPHNE  
("Rebecca") DU MAURIER...

PARAMOUNT presents

Joan Fontaine  
Arturo de Cordova

# FRENCHMAN'S CREEK

IN TECHNICOLOR

with

BASIL RATHBONE • NIGEL BRUCE  
CECIL KELLAWAY • RALPH FORBES

B. G. DESYLVA, Executive Producer

Screen Play by Talbot Jennings • From the Novel by Daphne du Maurier

*A Mitchell Leisen*

PRODUCTION

Directed by Mitchell Leisen





# *This* IS WHAT I BELIEVE

By *Barbara*  
*Stenmyer*

**Straight from the heart, and in the spirit of the season, this confession of faith by a great star who is also, by Hollywood or by any other standards, a fine human being**

**I** BELIEVE in God. I believe in prayer. And in never taking anything for granted.

I don't believe in taking good breaks for granted, for if you do, you are lacking in gratitude, and gratitude is a form of continuing prayer. I do not believe in taking bad breaks for granted, for if you do, you may cease to fight for the things you have it in you to accomplish.

I do not believe that life should be lived easily and softly. People are wrong in craving the easy way. Orphaned at 4, I had a harsh childhood. I do not regret it. The pruning of a tree gives it strength; just so standing up to harshness, not bowing to it, strengthens a human being.

My greatest temptation is to do everything I can for Dion, my adopted son. Because of meager, hard childhood, I'd like to make his easy. I would get pleasure from giving to him. But I am sure I would be depriving him of the most important preparation for the problems he will face as an adult. How could he develop a proper sense of values?





Stanwyck, hard and serious worker on the set, can always find time to make friends with the crew. Far left, cutting birthday cake while Reggie Gardner, Dennis Morgan look on. Scene from Barbara's new Warner Bros. picture, "Christmas In Connecticut." Right, with George Brent and, far right, with director Bernardt.



So my greatest self-discipline is in resisting the temptation to shower him with gifts—oversupply his needs. But I know that it is better for him to have a fine sense of values later than the things it would please me so much to give to him now. I even limit the Christmas gifts he may receive from my generous, warm-hearted friends. He is allowed only five each year, though I would have liked him to have a hundred. He gets twenty-five cents a week allowance, and is allowed to earn anything he wants above his necessities. To earn extra money, he cleans the back yard or clips the hedge or delivers newspapers, or works as pool boy at a nearby hotel.

I think this is the American way of life. People say, "Americans are lucky. They are spoiled. Everything is theirs without struggle."

What do they mean by that? Since America was settled by the Pilgrims, Americans have worked hard for everything. Hard work with the prospect of rich reward has always been the American way. But hard work comes first. If any country was ever founded by harder work, I don't know what country it could possibly be. If any country was ever developed by harder work, I don't know what land that could be. America was developed by blood, sweat and tears. And now in this war it is blood, sweat and tears, which will keep America alive.

I am confused by man's cruelty to man. I think it is ostrich-like to believe that because this is the biggest war the world has ever had, we'll have the greatest peace. The most we can hope for right now is the longest peace. Until human beings change, nations won't, and until they do, the fantastic practice of war won't cease.

I believe in sentiment. I believe that men should not be afraid of it. I believe that we should bring up our children so that they will not be afraid of showing honest sentiment. I do not believe that it is wrong for a boy to cry, if the circumstances warrant tears.

I have seen Skip (Dion) in tears. Twice he cried out of sympathy for other people. I was glad of those tears. If we women raise sons who are callous over the tragedies of others, we will breed a race of men as contemptuous of sentiment as the Nazis. We know what Nazi lack of sentiment did to the world.

(Please turn to page 76)





THERE'LL BE  
A HOT TIME IN  
THE **GOLD** TOWN  
TONIGHT!

Meet Belle,  
herself... the  
glittering girl  
of the  
golden North!

Those Gorgeous  
Yukon Belles!  
Worth their  
Weight in Gold!

And "Honest John"  
has a  
heart of gold!

She's got  
a saucy swing  
... and a  
golden tone!

Honest John  
is telling  
it to the  
gal who knows  
her nuggets!

He's merely gold-plated!

INTERNATIONAL PICTURES, INC. presents

**RANDOLPH SCOTT • GYPSY ROSE LEE**  
**DINAH SHORE • BOB BURNS**

in

# "BELLE OF THE YUKON"

*A Technicolor Musical*

Produced and Directed by **WILLIAM A. SEITER**

with

**CHARLES WINNINGER • WILLIAM MARSHALL**  
**GUINN "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS • ROBERT ARMSTRONG**  
**FLORENCE BATES •** Written for the screen by **JAMES**  
**EDWARD GRANT •** Story by **Houston Branch •** Music  
and Lyrics by **JOHNNY BURKE and JIMMY VAN HEUSEN**  
Released by **RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.**

GOOD ENTERTAINMENT



IS INTERNATIONAL!





## *Bold, Bad (Bluffing)* CREGAR

**He'd have you believe he's a hard guy! Here's a sharp pen impression of a rather fascinating fellow**

**O**NCE LAIRD CREGAR was a mountainous creature aged twenty-seven who looked forty-seven, who stood six feet three inches tall, weighed three hundred pounds, played devils and bullfighters, cops and pirates for the screen, and was working himself up to be a younger and sassier man-who-came-to-dinner. Then Cregar, whose very few remaining friends call him Sammy, became the Man Who Went on a Diet, and now his barbed ire is strictly from hunger.

Cregar is bringing all his weight to bear in his struggle against humanity, and latest weighings-in attesting, he may yet come out top

man. To date, he's still a baby bogey, his detractors insist, but he's the most promising of the younger crop since Orson Welles threw in the towel and joined a circus.

He lives by the theory that nine people out of ten are bores—and he's not shy to point a finger at the  
(Please turn to page 76)



From top down: before-and-after pictures of Laird Cregar. He reduced 100 lbs.! Left, lining up Faye Marlowe on set of "Hang-over Square," his latest.

**By Barbara Berch**



# Laddie and the Ladies

**R**ECENTLY, when Susie and I were having luncheon with friends, the subject of mail received by actors came under discussion. Susie, who is almost as interested in my fan letters as I am, said that one question remained continuous, month after month. Literally thousands of girls seem to want to know what feminine characteristics most appeal to men.

So here goes Ladd, sticking his neck 'way out! I can't, of course, speak for any other man on earth except myself, because men are as different as women are, but at least I can describe the specific attractions that I have admired in the girls with whom I have worked in pictures.

In some respects, successful actresses share the same qualities. Each of the girls I am going to mention is lovely to look at; each has histrionic talent; each is a hard worker. I might mention here that actresses work harder than actors do. They have to be up around 5 or 5:30 in the morning because of their hairdressing and wardrobe problems, and they seldom get away from the studio until 7 or 8 in the evening. An actor jumps up thirty minutes before he has to be on the set, dresses, shaves, sometimes slaps on a pancake makeup (although I, personally, don't wear any)—and he's ready to go to work. When the last take of the day is in the cans, he washes and he's ready for dinner. Lucky break for the boys.

I have just finished my part in Paramount's "Two Years Before The Mast," in which I worked with Esther Fernandez. Esther is one of the most intelligent and loyal girls I have met; I think a girl could benefit by trying to be like her.

I know that intelligence in a woman is supposed to be a detriment, but that is surely a (Please turn to page 86)



Above, Ladd takes a look at his fan mail. Left below, with Loretta Young in "And Now Tomorrow."





Alan Ladd in  
next rôle: "Two  
Years Before The  
Mast," at right.



Listen while Alan gives you  
the lowdown on his favorite  
leading ladies — and others!

By

*Alan Ladd*







## *The Brown Derby*



Constance Moore, above, who worked on her new picture up to the last minute the day before Christmas, did a brisk job of last minute shopping. Amos and Andy, famed radio comics, below, plan the festive day at home with their wives and children, and recording the youngsters' wide-eyed reaction on movie film.



Loretta Young finds the true spirit of Christmas in her church on the day of days. Loretta (Mrs. Tom Lewis in private life) has a family celebration at home with her husband and children.





# HOLLYWOOD IS A HOME TOWN

The stars celebrate Christmas  
in the good, old-fashioned way



Dick Powell's night-before-Christmas involved heavy schedule of Army and hospital shows, and so to bed. One of the best ways to celebrate—ask any Hollywood star—is to spread cheer where it is needed most. Merle Oberon, below, contributed charm and skill as she helped servicemen wrap gifts at Hollywood Canteen.







# *My Marriage* **SURVIVES SEPARATION!**

Says *Frances Langford* to Dora Albert

Scoop! Sweet singer of love songs tells you how her own romantic union with Jon Hall has weathered all storms



Exclusive  
photos by  
Gene Lester.



Jon and Frances play "Where to next?" on opposite page. Above, planning Florida home; unusual autograph for G.I. Right, viewing snapshots taken on her last USO trip.

**I**N THESE days when force of circumstances separates so many couples who love one another, many people have wondered whether those couples will ever again be as happy as they once were. They have asked themselves, "Can love stand frequent separations? Do time and distance make people care less for each other?"

Every woman who has a husband overseas wants to know the answer to that question. Every man overseas wonders whether the woman he loves will feel the same way about him when he comes back after a long absence.

One Hollywood marriage—that of Frances Langford and Jon Hall—has

had to undergo every test, every trial that can possibly come to two people who are separated from each other because of the war. This is the story of what really happens when a Hollywood actress leaves her husband and Hollywood for lengthy intervals on personal appearance tours and war effort entertainment. And the true story ought to prove to all married people who love each other that love and marriage are not harmed by separation, when those separations are necessary.

Frances, back in Hollywood just after her recent trip to the Pacific, said to me, "If people want to be happy, (Please turn to page 64)



Below, closeups of the Halls at home. Frances' proud husband has made a recording of every one of her broadcasts! Right, her collection of souvenirs include Japanese flag, Luger and saber.







# *Bracken* BREAKS THE RULES

**B**EHIND the convulsive, perpetually stricken facade of Eddie Bracken beats the heart of a Solid Citizen. Please don't allow yourself to be deceived by his successful characterization of a jerky jitterbug. Eddie knows just what he's doing. The frightened eyes and hysterical behavior are merely shrewd business assets. They mask a psyche as well-adjusted as a banker's or a plumber's. Although his movie rôles would have you

believe that he belongs just this side of a nut factory, Eddie is only playing on your gullibility. Off the screen he is that determined American specimen, a sober, ambitious husband and father.

On his last trip to New York, Eddie made that perfectly clear. He told me that, with his first struggles over and with success staring happily at him, his next plan was to become an actor-producer.

"It's only logical," he said. "The first thing you do is realize your ambition. I've been sure of what I wanted to be from the time I was three, when I won one of those 'cutest baby' contests in Astoria. Since I walked on that stage and got all that attention, I've known that I had to become a performer. After you've realized your ambition, the next thing you want is money. I've been doing pretty well in that respect lately.



**By  
Irving  
Drake**

**He's no nut, no  
jerky jitterbug,  
but an able, am-  
bitious citizen  
whose career is  
only just beginning**

And then you strive for power. That's the stage I'm at now."

Eddie grinned disarmingly. For a young man still in his early twenties, his ambitious drive was frightening. Yet, in spite of what he was saying, I couldn't quite believe him. To all appearances a Dizzy Kid type, I couldn't see him as a potential Simon Legree, holding a whip hand over his terrified employees. He saw my incredulous look and hastened to elaborate on his theme.

"I've been in Hollywood for five years," he said, "and the only two pictures of mine that I've liked were 'Miracle Of Morgan's Creek' and 'Hail The Conquering Hero.' The rest of them you can have—in spades. I'm very critical of my work and think I know when I do a good job and when I do a bad one. Before I'd made those two Preston Sturges films, Paramount had tried to give me funny lines to say. I don't think it's a good idea for me to tell jokes and perform gags in pictures. I'm a character comedian who gets laughs through situations and not

*(Please turn to page 78)*

The happy young Brackens, at right, salute a friend in gay, unstarish gesture. Below: Eddie in one of his favorite films—two scenes from "Hail The Conquering Hero." Next Brackens will be: "Bring On The Girls" and "Out Of This World."







*Ida Lupino, one of the stars of Warners' "Hollywood Canteen"*



By  
nara  
reeva



## My Private War with Hirohito

**I** HAVE plenty of reasons to hate Hirohito. One of them is that in spite of my Chinese parentage I am as American as ham and eggs. It is not that I hate him personally (though it would be easy to learn), but I hate everything he stands for: treachery, death, wanton destruction.

After Pearl Harbor, when half the world was up in arms against the dark forces of the Axis, I, too, wanted to do something to help. But a physical handicap prevented me from wielding a bayonet or a gun; as for knowing something useful like welding or riveting, what I did not know would have filled a couple of books. What could I do to help?

At first glance my background looked pretty discouraging: it included study and professional application of writing, music, and commercial art. With the world in flames, all that seemed like pretty idle pudding. Of course, you may remind me, I was also an actor. I was often trying to remind myself and the studio officials of that. I wanted to portray *(Please turn to page 84)*

Keye Luke, distinguished portrayor of Oriental characters for MGM, is also an artist of note—see charming drawings, center and right at top of page. Top left, Luke indulges in a modernized version of an old, old dance with pretty Jean Porter.



Keye Luke, foremost Chinese actor in Hollywood, speaks his mind



By  
Alice  
Benton



# "MRS. THIN MAN" COMES HOME

**Command Performance! Myrna Loy returns in her original rôle; gives first "come-back" interview**

**O**KAY, OKAY, Leo, will you please *shut up!* Myrna's back, and it's a good thing, or maybe you'd break all the sound equipment out at Mugum. You can quit roaring; as a matter of fact you can even settle down to a nice quiet purr. You and those fans. Honestly! You'd think nothing of letting the "Thin Man" series just die out. You'd drop dead on your paws before you accepted a substitute for "Mrs. Thin Man." Of course, we can understand the fans' insistence on a Command Performance. But you! You just want all the fun and stuff that happens on the lot when Miss Loy comes to town. Such preparation. Signs all over the place, "Welcome home, Minnie!" And, furthermore, I had a spy at MGM, and it was personally reported to me that you spent all that morning washing your face with your paws, instead of those fast licks with your tongue, even doing a bangup job behind your ears. Like everyone else that day, you *really* outdid yourself.

Bill Powell came in from Palm Springs the night before so he would be on hand when the train rolled in at the ungodly hour of 9:30 in the morning. He even took





Together again: "Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man" (William Powell and Myrna Loy) with famous pet—Asta, of course!



his friend and publicity representative home with him to wake him up, since Bill intensely dislikes opening his baby-blue eyes at the crack of dawn. And after wires and phone calls from MGM to Myrna, in New York, then when she came back at the great insistence of her fans, what did you say, Bill, when you surprised her at the station?

"Minnie! To think you came all this way just to see me!" And Myrna chortled, "Same old Bill!"

From there on out, it was Myrna's party.

For instance, there was the red carpet that was rolled out in her honor. Friends, learning that she was to report to the portrait gallery, arrived there early and decorated the studio in regal style. A red carpet, strewn with crepe paper roses, led to the door. Banners reading *(Please turn to page 74)*

That capricious profile is back with us: the screen's most enchanting matron twinkles again.



Come along and watch  
Deanna work — with  
her it's more like fun

"Can't Help Singing" is the name of  
the new Durbin film; can't help smiling  
right back at the star when she looks  
like this, right, all dressed up for her  
rôle and, below, cutting up on the set.



Exclusive  
photos from  
Universal  
Studios.



On Location  
With "D.D."





After a steady diet of box lunches Director Frank Ryan, Deanna Durbin and David Bruce show there's not much difference between the box and the lunch.



Deanna is not successful when she tries to get photographer to snap Cameraman Woody Bredell instead. Can you blame him for focusing on a piece of feminine pulchritude?




Jim Thorpe, as one of America's first inhabitants, gives Deanna autograph, above; right, still from film with Andrew Tombes and Robert Paige; Deanna in costume she wore to Sonora festival.



"D.D." gets a tree ride and a bird's-eye view on the moving camera boom, set up for a long-shot action scene of her picture.





# THAT NEW GIRL!

When you see Lauren Bacall opposite Humphrey Bogart in "To Have And Have Not," you'll want to know all about her. Here's first, exclusive interview

**W**HEN Lauren, then Betty Bacall, received a wire from Producer-director Howard Hawks asking her if she wanted a screen test, the tall, wide-shouldered, sun-bleached blonde bought a ticket for California. Rather than wire a "yes" from New York, she decided to make a personal appearance. She'd been disappointed by stage producers, and had decided that movie pro-

Sensational! She's the tall new blonde who makes you sit up and take notice as Bogart's screen sweetheart in the Hemingway picture. Top right, facing page, Lauren with Hoagy Carmichael and Walter Brennan.





ducers had the same trouble — absent-mindedness.

It was raining cats and dogs when she alighted at the Union Station in Los Angeles. There was no mayor to greet her, no band to serenade. She couldn't even find a hotel room. She wound up in a tiny hostelry out in Westwood, and tried to get warm.

Lauren Bacall proved herself smart when she raced westward rather than send a wire saying she'd like a test. Evidence lies in the fact that today, a year and a half later, she has the lead opposite Humphrey Bogart in one of Warner Brothers' biggest pictures, "To Have And Have Not."

It is characteristic of Lauren not to  
*(Please turn to page 67)*

**By**  
**Barbara**  
**Flanley**





# "GIRLS READING THIS ARTICLE WHO WOULD OR BORROW MY IDEAS ARE WELCOME



① Plum - colored wool street costume. The skirt made from one strip of cloth wrapped around and buttoned at a point on the right hip. The line repeated in the loose sleeves. The over-blouse is a pale pink and burgundy.

② A patch-worked lounging coat something to spend your evenings in and something to spend your evening on, if you're handy with the needle. Ruth Ford's coat of many colors, which she made herself, is worn with trimly tailored black flannel slacks.

③ Striking use of bordered floral print makes a show dinner dress. Colors in the rayon challis are hard pinks and reds with stylized green leaves on white background. Border lends itself effectively to one-shoulder drape and wrap-around skirt.

④ High-style ensemble created by Ruth Ford has a swallow-tail skirt of black wool sprinkle with sequins, topped by black net and taffeta blouse. Fabulous stockings of black silk and jet beads once belonged to stage star Julian Eltinge.



LIKE TO ADAPT  
TO DO SO"

Ruth Ford

**E**VEN before the war limited the sources of fashion, Ruth Ford, currently appearing in "Wilson," found her liking for original clothes could be realized only by designing them herself. This talented actress has taken materials at hand, coupled some of them with materials from antique shops and ornaments found in out of the way places, conjured up dramatic designs to suit particular fabrics, and continues to find herself with a wardrobe that is the envy of all her friends.

Ironically enough, though Ruth wears glasses and plays a slightly spinsterish part in her latest film, in private life she is one of Hollywood's best dressed, one of the few women who can carry exotic styles with the correct flair. All of her clothes, from lounging apparel to evening dress, reflect her originality. She has the keen-

(Please turn to page 80)

FASHIONS  
FOR  
YOU!



Ruth Ford, seen in the 20th Century-Fox epic, "Wilson," has an enviable reputation in Hollywood for designing her own clothes. Here, Miss Ford models her new black evening gown, with long bodice and draped skirt.

Exclusive photos by  
Frank Powolny,  
20th Century-Fox Studios

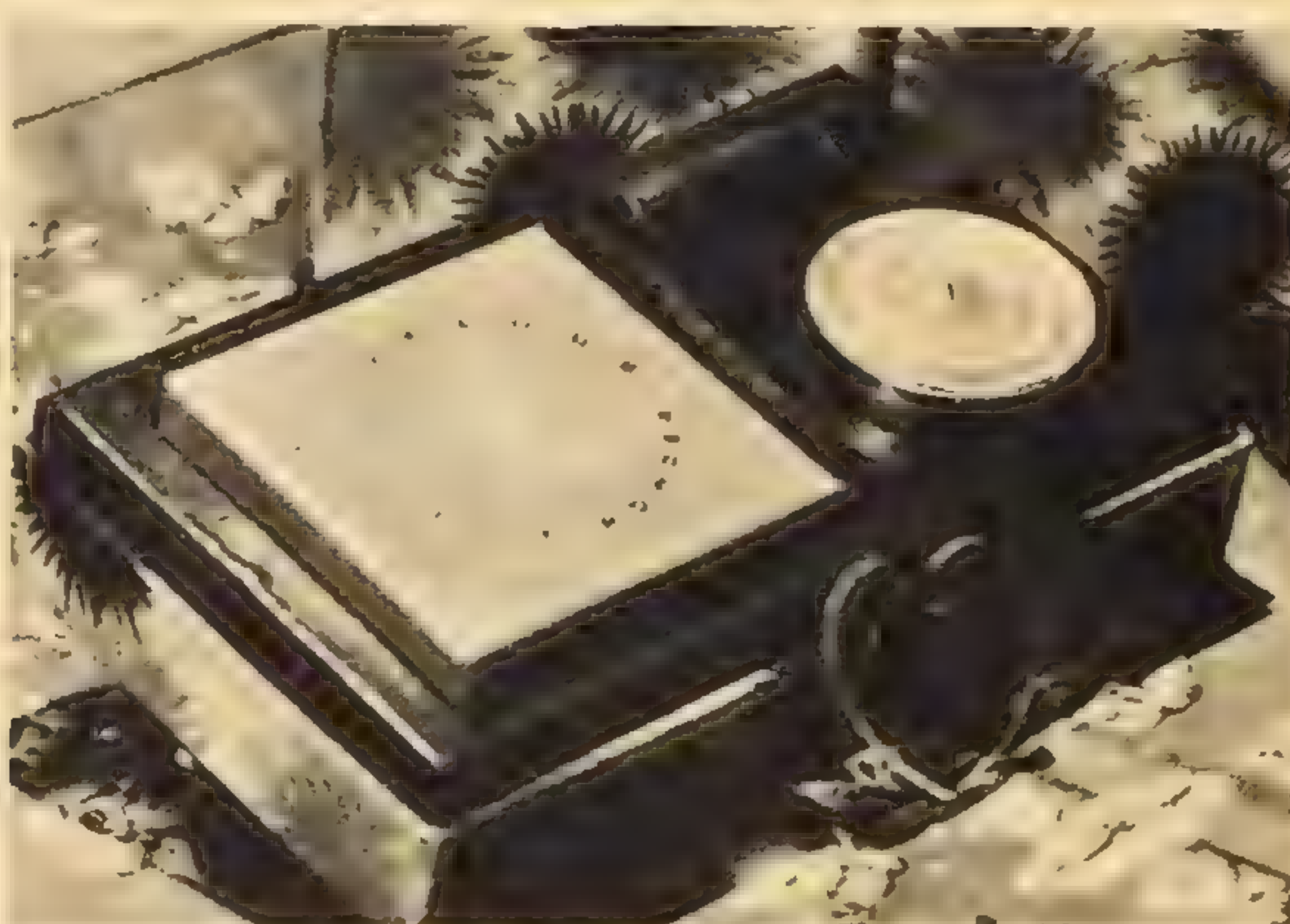




Early American Spice Trunk box filled with toilet water, soap, bath salts and talcum. Shulton.



Samba, sweetly scented cologne and bath talc in prettily designed magenta and rose box. Wrisley.



"Merry Christmas" heart leads to gay holiday packaged rouge, powder, and lipstick. Marvelous.



From Hollywood, Christmas cheer in compact box, pancake makeup, rouge, lipstick. Max Factor.



Navigator manicure kit in leather or printed fabric with all nail grooming essentials. Cutex.



Greetings with duo for hands and face, cleansing cream and cake makeup with lanolin. Miner's.



For under tree or toe of stocking. Sofskin Cream in starry Christmas dress, for hands and skin.

GIFTS for  
Merry Christmas





"Angel Child", in her arms a dram of fine perfume, for her background, cylinder of talc. Varva.



Choice all-in-one little kit for home manicures and pedicures, packed in a colorful box. Softol.



A gift of time, a beautiful wrist watch set off in a lovely, rich, jewel-like box. Welsbro piece.



Gift ensemble of lipstick, rouge and cake makeup in a handsome black and white box. Don Juan.



Sachets, scents of April violets, blended fragrance. Yardley.



Strand of pearls, with subdued iridescence and the texture of genuine Oriental pearls. Lenere.



A stocking-ful for Christmas, lipstick, matching rouge, dreamflower powder in pet shade. Pond's.

**HOLIDAY  
REMEMBRANCES  
of GLAMOR and BEAUTY**





It's all in a day's work!  
Bob Hope gets a kiss  
from Marilyn Maxwell.



Two movie fans' favorites,  
Turhan Bey and Lana  
Turner, patronizing Ciro's.



# Here's Hollywood





SIP BY Weston East  
NDIDS BY Jean Duval

**J**UST BEFORE she left for overseas, Betty Hutton returned Mervyn Leroy's signet ring—given to her for good luck when she went out on her recent vaudeville tour. Just in case her voice gives out, she took along a recording of herself singing "Murder." She carted along records of other recorded songs of hers to give the boys, also 5,000 photographs to sign and give away. She would have taken more but they wouldn't allow her any more weight for luggage. She's still in the South Pacific area, giving out with jive for servicemen.

**W**HEN BOB HOPE returned from his latest USO trip, he had a real surprise waiting for him. His beautiful wife, Dolores, met him at the airport, looking like a new person. Pounds thinner, a very becoming hair-do, and in an Adrian model, Dolores looked more wonderful than any of Bob's leading ladies. Bob took one look, gulped and cracked, "Say, Dolores, how would you like to go into pictures?"

**T**HEY HAVEN'T made the night clubs (yet), therefore Hollywood doesn't know that Joan Fontaine and Robert Cummings have been seeing each other. And nice dating it is, too. Right now the Cummings brand of naturalness and humor should get better results than all the doctors' prescriptions. As soon as a decision is made in his long drawn out

suit with Universal; Mary Pickford wants to sign him up to a three-year contract—at a very nice salary. Then it won't be long before movie-goers can take advantage of his "special medicine."

**J**UDY GARLAND and Bob Walker care enough to work together all day long and have dates four times a week. Unlike her cinema sisters Judy likes 'em serious. Bob is that, most of the time. But, the inimitable Judy, with her charm and gaiety, has enough for both.

**U**NLESS there's a hitch, those wedding bells should be ringing for Veronica Lake and "Bundy" de Toth. (Andre in Hungarian is "Bundy," hence the nickname.) It will be a small wedding, in a church and in Hollywood. Designer Edith Head is making Ronnie's wedding outfit. "Bundy" gave her some vivid Chinese silk pajamas, as a first trousseau present.



Welcome back, Clark Gable! Below, reading from left: John Carroll, John Payne and Gloria De Haven; Rudy Vallee and wife Bettyjane Greer; Mrs. Keenan Wynn, Van Johnson and Lina Romay; Van with Kay Williams. Right, Van and Gloria.





## Here's Hollywood

**W**HEN a gal takes up navigation for a guy, it must be you know what! June Allyson is the gal who is cramming that pretty head of hers for boy-friend Dick Powell. Recently Dick bought the Santanna from Ray Milland, who bought it from George Brent. Dick and June go sailing on Sundays and it's all wonderful except June can't understand Dick's nautical (but nice) talk.

**B**OB HOPE arrived at a Hollywood party, almost an hour late. "Terribly sorry, terribly sorry," he apologized quickly to the host and hostess, who happened to be Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck. "I was playing poker with the butcher," continued Bob. "But what were you playing poker with the butcher for?" exclaimed Barbara. "For small steaks!" cried Bob. Then he fell at Barbara's feet in a swoon of appreciation, because she had given him the right cue line.

**J**EANNE CRAIN, 20th Century's lovely new starlet, has a special clause in her contract. Very special. Jeanne is the proud possessor of one of the most beautiful heads of hair in Hollywood. Her contract protects it from ever being cut or dyed. Jeanne also has it heavily insured. At a recent Elsa Maxwell party, two local wolves (whose initials are E. F. and B. C.) took one look at Jeanne, threw back their heads in front of everyone—and howled!

**B**REND A MARSHALL is another actress who won't mind putting her makeup kit away in mothballs, once the war is won. Brenda just received her release from 20th Century and plans to free-lance until husband Bill Holden is home for good. Then she plans to stay at home and raise a larger family, doing a picture now and then when a good part comes along.

**A** GOLD cigarette lighter, worn on a chain around her neck, is owned by Faye Emerson. It was sent by an "eastern" admirer. Just the mention of his name makes Faye's eyes light up. The lighter is to keep them company.

**T**HE FILMING of "The Lost Weekend" is quite an experience in Ray Milland's life. To get a gaunt and haggard look, producers Brackett and Wilder put Ray on a strict diet. He had to remain unshaven. For the New York scenes at Bellevue Hospital, they hid the camera in packing cases on a huge moving truck. Ray, running down the driveway to escape, was stopped by a real cop who thought it was the real thing. Just playing the rôle of the dipsomaniac is making one cocktail awfully hard for Ray to take.

**G**ERALDINE FITZGERALD with a new sylphlike figure is the talk of Hollywood. Since "Wilson" she has every studio trying to borrow her. For over a year Geraldine couldn't get a job. In the meantime, she decided to take off weight. It's changed her entire personality to such an extent, a new career has opened up for her.

**I**F GREER GARSON could have suddenly walked in on Sonny Tufts at Alan Ladd's party, she would have received the surprise of her life. Sonny, who is the life of every party, has a terrific "Mrs. Miniver" routine. He acts out the entire picture himself, a one-man production, as it were.

**D**O YOU want to help cast a picture? Columbia Studios is searching frantically for a young star who can sing, dance, and do a wonderful impersonation of Al Jolson. The name of the picture, "The Life of Al Jolson." Weston East's personal nomination was going to Gene Kelly, until Gene was ordered to report for Army duty.

**D**ENNIS MORGAN and his wife, Lillian, went to look at a house for sale. "Oh, Dennis!" cried Lillian. "We must buy it. What a beautiful garden for Kristen to be married in!" P.S. Kristen is six!



**W**HEN you see "From Pillar to Post," you're going to get your first screen gander at the new knee-length nightgown. Ida Lupino wears it and thinks it's wonderful—except for one thing. Her legs get cold. For the scenes in bed, Ida wears long woolen stockings. But she has to kick them off when the action calls for her to walk across the room and turn on the radio. Bill Prince, Ida's handsome leading man, refers to her as "Legs Lupino."

**F**RANCES ROSE SHORE and George Letz have legally changed their names to Dinah Shore and George





Opposite page, reading from top: Spencer Tracy, Judy Garland and Bob Hope (Kay Kyser's publicity man, Paul Mosher, in background); Fred Allen, Spencer Tracy and W. C. Fields; Danny Kaye, Frances Langford and W. C. Above, reading from top: Ginger Rogers, James Cagney and Deanna Durbin; Ken Murray and wife Cleatus with the Harold Lloyds, celebrating new radio show; Eddie Albert and Mary Ann Hodges, serenaded by Cugat's guitarist, Don Rodney.

Montgomery. One of the most unkind rumors in years, at Dinah's expense, is said to have been started by another singer. As Mrs. George Montgomery, Dinah is so happy she refuses to allow even vicious gossip to cloud her horizon. Smart girl, that one.

**FRED ALLEN**, making "It's In The Bag," compares working with Robert Benchley to Jack Benny. "Benchley doesn't wear a hair-piece," cracks Fred, "so there isn't so much to worry about. It's nice to have a leading man they don't have to assemble!" (P.S., The Allens and the Bennys are inseparable in Hollywood.)

**THEIR** second baby, expected by the Jack Carsons this winter, is going to be called Jacqueline—if it is a girl. After daddy, of course. If it's a boy they'll have to do some fast thinking. They already have a son, Jack, Jr., and their order to the stork specifically states that they must have a daughter.

**JOHNNY MILES**, six feet two, just twenty-one with a pair of blue eyes that look like headlights on a racing car, has fallen for Joan Leslie. Johnny's under contract to Warner Bros., so he gets to see Joan every day. Finally he got a date with her on a Saturday night. They went to Grauman's Chinese Theater but had to stand in line so long he had to take her home before they got to see the picture! Johnny used to play baseball before a knee injury took him out of the Army and turned him into a movie star.

**OVERHEARD** by George Murphy in the Hollywood Brown Derby: First waiter to second waiter: "Things must be getting much better. The customers are beginning to talk back!"

**GREER GARSON** now has Garbo's old dressing room. When the Swedish siren had it, she never liked to answer her phone. So they hooked up a buzzer direct from the set. Whenever they needed her they just buzzed. Every time they moved to a new set, it meant setting up the buzzer system all over again. Greer wanted to continue using it. No one dared say no. One day when she wasn't working, her director, Tay Garnett, slipped into her dressing room and replaced the buzzer with a cow bell. Greer almost went out the window the first time she heard it. At first she wasn't too pleased. But her sense of humor finally got the best of her and she roared along with the rest.

**ESTHER WILLIAMS** and Frances Rafferty are rabid Sinatra fans. When they went to one of his broadcasts, they dreamed themselves up in black satin, silver fox and pearls. They sat right in the center of the very front row—very conspicuous in Frankie's bobby sox world. When he started to sing, they forgot they were dignified ladies of the cinema and took to swooning, too.

**IT TOOK** only one weekend at Victorville to bring romance into Angela Lansbury's life. The young English refugee, who scored such a hit in "Gaslight" with Boyer and Bergman, met up with Bob Abbot, wealthy and attractive ranch owner. Bob, who was once on the verge of marrying Margaret Lindsay, has fallen too. Every week he sends Angela a huge basket of butter and eggs. He's a butter and egg man in more than one sense of the word!

**FOR A RAIN** sequence they put rubber boots on "Lassie" to keep her precious feet from getting wet. A Hollywood wit you all know and love now refers to the famous canine star as "Greer Garson with Fur!"

**THERE** won't be any griping for a long time to come from Spencer Tracy. The MGM star returned from a two-weeks trip to Hawaii, where he visited 13 Army and Navy hospitals in 13 days. The courage displayed by the wounded men made a terrific impression. It's almost like a religion with Spence, he was so impressed. He came back loaded with messages to wives and sweethearts of the boys he saw. Rest assured they will be delivered, many of them in person.



Enchantment  
for everybody!  
Judy Garland  
and Margaret  
O'Brien will  
warm your  
heart with a  
"sister act" in  
MGM's charm-  
ing picture of  
family life in the  
American age  
of innocence

# SCREENLAN SALUTES "MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS

Based on Sally Ben-  
son's notable sto-  
ries, "Meet Me In  
St. Louis" is a de-  
lightful period  
piece as it emerges  
on the screen:  
funny, quaint, en-  
dearing. Judy Gar-  
land is just right as  
its heroine, though  
Margaret O'Brien  
comes perilously  
close to stealing  
the whole show as  
the irrepressible  
baby of the family.





Lester Cowan's "Tomorrow the World" gives Betty Field a sympathetic part and Fredric March a modern rôle—for a change.



Betty Field's gown gets a last minute going-over by the efficient wardrobe department.



Leslie Fenton, who has been directing pictures in England, steps in with final instructions.

## Are You The Girl He Wants To Come Home To?

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to draw up a completely new set of conclusions which, summed up briefly, says the pin-up girl is here to stay.

"Being over there, though," she said, "has given me a different slant on the pin-up situation. There's nothing sentimental cooked up with it at all. The boys pin our pictures on the wall and put the ones of their own girls under their pillows. We Hollywood girls can't hope to compete with the ones they left behind. We're completely a thing apart from reality, just as we were when they were home.

"Sure, they think of us as glamor girls the way they always have. But any romance connected with our pictures is purely synthetic. They like to look at us and remember the movies we've been in, but it's the girl who sat beside them as they saw those movies who really makes their hearts go wobbly as they remember. Maybe you can describe us as one of the symbols of home, of going to the movies on Wednesday and Saturday nights, but you can take my word for it they're every bit as sentimental about the chocolate soda they had afterwards at the corner drug store.

"Glamor is all right in its place, but it stays definitely in its own little niche, and that niche isn't in a man's heart.

The average man isn't unduly concerned about the looks of the girl he's interested in. Glamor impresses, but it doesn't last. The girl he wants is the downright home type. And I ought to know. I've listened enough to the boys talk about them.



Skippy Homeier, as the Nazi-minded youth, deserves the slap he gets from Betty in the film.



A touch of the comb to an already perfect hair-do, and Betty is ready for the cameras.



"Since they've been away they've come to appreciate that girl, the typical American girl, more than ever. Right now, they're idealizing her so much that it's going to be difficult for the girls to fit into those exalted pictures their boys have dreamed up.

"There's another yardstick the girls will have to measure up to when their boys come home again, and that's the one our American nurses and Red Cross workers have so unconsciously provided. Our boys can't praise those women enough, for their unstinting efforts in their behalf. I've seen those girls myself and talked to them, girls who don't stop at any hardship in line of duty, girls who tote their own load, and more, without beefing.

"They've made the little selfish, demanding doll a thing of the past as far as the boys are concerned. The poor sport will seem pretty small fry after the selfless devotion shown by women at the fighting front. Excessive vanity will be out, too. The boys won't think those little feminine foibles the cute tricks they used to before, and any girl who takes up a good part of her date with a returned serviceman combing her hair and fixing her face will certainly suffer by comparison to the women in uniform.

"For instance, I was so impressed by those girls I met on my trip I wanted to send them something, just to show in a very small way the things I felt about them. But when I suggested stockings or lipsticks or powder, they refused to a woman.

"No, please don't bother with anything like that," they begged. Can you imagine how long a pair of stockings would last out here? And makeup doesn't mean a thing. The heat melts it off our faces even before we've finished putting it on. But if you could send us some canned mince meat and prepared flour to make into pie crusts, we'd bless you forever. It would be so marvelous to be able to make the boys pies for Christmas dinner and with shipping space out

here being at the premium it is, it's impossible to get hold of any luxuries like that."

"Some of the girls back home who used to rely on little feminine wiles to intrigue the boys should remember things like that if they're tempted to go back to the old-fashioned, clinging ways that they could get away with before men realized there were other types of women in the world. Not that the boys won't like a few frills and bits of lace as much as they ever did, not that a pretty face and figure won't go over just as big. But fundamentally they're looking for character in a girl, and the women they've seen in the long months they've been away have set an awfully high mark for the girls at home to shoot at."

If ever a girl is entitled to talk about good sportsmanship, that girl is Ann Sheridan. With the other members of her unit, Ben Blue, Jackie Miles, Mary Landa and Ruth Denas, she gave fifty performances in a show that ran an hour and a half, not counting the impromptu entertainment they gave on their many hospital visits. In Karachi, India, they were caught in a 4-day monsoon; in China they went through with their show in a driving rain storm, their only cover the huge tarpaulin a platoon of GI's insisted on holding over their heads. All of which wasn't exactly fare for the chicken-hearted.

But all of this was nothing compared to the ribbing Ann had to take from Ben Blue every time she appeared on a stage with him. And Ann not only took it, she loved it.

"Of course I was a stooge," she laughed. "What else can you be with a guy like Blue? He makes up gags as he goes along, and when you feel he's reached the limit he'll top it with one even more devastating.

"I'm a great admirer of yours," he'd say with one of those leers of his. 'I have been ever since I was three and my mother took me to see you in The Covered Wagon.'

"But I never played in The Covered Wagon," I'd say and he'd come back with, 'Oh, so you had the top down.'

"Or, he'd look me up and down with a disparaging glance and say: 'You look like an old bat. Did you ever play 3rd base for the Yanks?' And then before I could get my breath: 'Did you ever shovel coal on the B and O? Did you ever shovel? Did you ever have BO?'

"Sometimes he'd follow up with: 'Say, I liked you in that picture 'Withering Tights.' And when I told him the picture was 'Wuthering Heights' and that I hadn't been in it he'd glance at my legs and say, 'Hmmm! Well, it's not a bad idea.'

"I used to steel myself for anything every time I got out on the stage with him. But it didn't help. He always managed to throw me completely.' And how the boys loved it, and how we loved seeing them laugh. There was only one thing they liked better than laughing and that was real honest to goodness sentimentality.

"At the end of the show I used to sing 'I'll Be Seeing You' and follow it with a tear-jerking patter that was so drooling with hearts and flowers it almost used to make me cringe when I did it. But they ate it up, those guys, who would have hooted me off the stage back home if I'd ever attempted anything half as corny. They were so quiet you could have heard a pin drop as I sang it.

"I'll never forget the night we gave a performance, just off the Ledo Road in Burma. There was a natural amphitheater, vaguely reminiscent of the Hollywood Bowl right there in the middle of the jungle, a wonderful place to give a show. It was at the bottom of a hill so steep that the jeeps that crawled up the narrow path cut through the dense trees looked as if they were climbing up a wall and our hearts used to pop into our mouths when they came down again, for there wasn't room to turn and they had to come down backwards.

"The stage was lit up with headlights



Hedy Lamarr, surrounded by male admirers, Carl Esmond, George Brent and Albert Dekker in scene still from RKO's "Experiment Perilous," a psychological mystery.



Last-minute conference before the cameras roll. On Hedy that 1890 gown looks good.





Did your grandmother ever look like Hedy in her Gainsborough hat? Above, with Paul Lukas.

the boys had taken from jeeps and strung up for us. It was a warm, still night and nothing had ever struck me as lovely as that steep hill absolutely covered with thousands of tiny, shifting lights. I thought they were fireflies at first, then suddenly I noticed they were cigarettes and saw that men were sitting in every one of those trees clear up to the top of the hill. It was just about the most impressive thing I'd ever seen.

"That was one of the highlights of our trip. Meeting Jackie Coogan was another. He did a great job, that kid, and he was awfully popular with the other men. They were the ones who told me they'd never expected Jackie to come back from that glider landing for the Japs were firing on him as he landed.

"It was fun meeting Melvyn Douglas, Captain Douglas now, in China—and we all got a kick out of it when he accompanied us as Special Service Officer. And no fan was more tongue-tied than I when we met General Stilwell and General Chenault. That was something! They both have a grand sense of humor and Stilwell insisted on showing us some caricatures an artist on another USO tour had made of him. No caricatures

are exactly flattering and these were nothing short of libel but he was mad about them.

"There were other highlights, too. Seeing Casablanca and recognizing it from the picture. It was so true to Hollywood we were expecting Bogy to pop out from every cafe we passed. But the movies hadn't done right by the Casbah, which we insisted on visiting when we were in Algiers. Mary Landa took one look at the women and decided Hedy La Marr had been vastly overdressed for the part. And we didn't meet any Charles Boyers, either.

"We got a terrific jolt out of seeing the beautiful Taj Mahal but the most fascinating places of all were those that had been just taken from the enemy. The bomb craters and other evidences of battle left us goggle-eyed and droopy-jawed and we felt like taking our hats off to every GI we saw."

Well, all we can say to that, Ann, is that if we civilians are any criterion, we're pretty sure that those boys felt like taking their hats off to you, too. For that's the kind of girl *you* are, the sort those kids would like to come home to.



## What Is The Secret of Van Johnson's Appeal?

Continued from page 28

siastic about anyone before. And never so plentiful. Like amoebas they seem to split and multiply whenever Van appears.

Now what is all the shouting about? Why all the pushing and shoving? Van certainly isn't as handsome as Robert Taylor, or as rugged as Clark Gable. He hasn't got Jon Hall's physique, or Frank Sinatra's voice, or Cary Grant's cleft in his chin. He isn't a Turk like Turhan Bey, and he isn't a wolf like Errol Flynn. Why is the feminine population not only of Hollywood but of America nuts about him? Why Van? Why not some other actor? What is the secret of Van Johnson's appeal?

The girls in Hollywood who know Van best are the girls who have made pictures with him. An actress always knows more about the young man who is playing opposite her than his own mother, sister, cook and sweetheart put together. (If they have a kind word to say of him, brother, you can believe it). So I decided to ask three of the attractive actresses Van has played with in pictures what they thought was the secret of his great appeal. Maybe you'll agree with them, and maybe you won't.

It was in the Irene Dunne-Spencer Tracy starring picture, "A Guy Named Joe," that Van got his first really important part. I ran down Irene on the Columbia lot where she is co-starring with Charles Boyer in "Together Again." I found Irene in her slip, which is not the usual way you find Irene.

"I've just been mistaken for a strip teaser," explained Irene. And when I looked utterly incredulous she further explained that the scene called for her to be standing in the ladies room of a New York restaurant in her slip. It seems that Charles Boyer, the oaf, had spilled wine on her, and she was standing there nonchalantly while the l.r. attendant cleaned her dress. The police decided to raid the place at that inopportune moment and seeing her there so scantily,

and draftily, attired mistook her for the strip tease dancer in the floor show, and hauled her off to jail.

While they were arranging for a retake of the raid Irene settled down in her dressing room, and I popped my question about Van.

"Van," she said, "doesn't appeal only to the bobby socks. He appeals to men and women, young and old. He has charm for the older women who would like to have him for their son, and charm for the young girls who would like to have him for their sweetheart. The secret of his appeal, I think, is that he is the typical American boy—young, wholesome, with a sense of humor.

"I found Van to be one of the most delightful actors I have ever worked with. He was enthusiastic, sincere, and above all, eager to learn. He would often ask Spencer, or me, to advise him about certain scenes, and how we thought he should play them. And he was always so appreciative of any help we might give him. Unlike so many beginners he wasn't a know-it-all. He was more than willing to listen to the director and the more experienced players on the set.

"Van will have much the same appeal as a man of forty as he has today. And I am certain that he will sustain the popularity which is his now."

Well, the assistant director stuck his head in the door and said they were ready to raid again, so I left Toots La Dunne to the mercy of the police.

June Allyson I found looking very smart in a white robe and a blue polka dot scarf. She was having her breakfast coffee in her apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. June had just finished "Music For Millions," in which she does a fine bit of emoting, and was leaving that afternoon for a well-deserved weekend rest. Soldiers and sailors in the South Pacific, and in France, write that they are seeing "Two Girls And A Sailor" over and over again, sometimes as many

as seven times, in preference to seeing any of the other films Hollywood is sending them. And they aren't the only ones who seem to be enjoying that picture. People on the home front seem to be doing right well by it too. Repeaters at the box office are no novelty.

"I first met Van in New York in 1941," said June, delighted to talk about Van. (One of her boy friends who accompanied her to the "Something For The Boys" broadcast recently and endeavored to steer her through the clamoring fans calls her "the female Van Johnson.") "He was Gene Kelly's understudy in 'Pal Joey' and I was understudying Betty Hutton in 'Panama Hattie.' Besides understudying Gene, Van danced in the chorus and had various bits to do in the show. I caught the show at a matinee, and I must have the blood of an agent in my veins because right away I said to the girl who was with me, 'See that boy with the freckles? He has personality plus. I haven't the slightest idea who he is, but I bet you he will go places. He looks so clean and fresh and American. But he's probably terribly conceited.'

"I met Van several weeks later at a party at a friend's apartment. And to my surprise he wasn't conceited at all. I had never met a boy as sweet and wholesome as Van. And he's just the same today as he was then. I guess that's the secret of his appeal. We got off in a corner together that first evening and formed sort of a mutual admiration society. He had seen me in the chorus of 'Panama Hattie' and he encouraged me by saying, 'You can't miss, June, you have talent. You'll get a break, believe me. Don't get discouraged.' And I'd say, 'Van, you're the best thing in the show. Why Hollywood isn't screaming for you I'm sure I don't know.' And we weren't kidding. We truly believed in each other. No one else thought we were any good. But we did."

June poured more coffee for us. Told



Jinx Falkenburg makes a bid for the sarong queen crown in her latest picture for Columbia. Here she goes through the motions of a native dance with Aggie Auld.





A torrid love scene to match the climate is enacted by David O'Brien and Jinx Falkenburg, while the Four Vagabonds, as the crew of the native canoe, look on.

one of her boy friends she'd call him later. That Allyson phone! Surely works overtime.

"Van and I never had any dates in New York," she continued. "We were both too busy, I guess. When I read that he had been given a Hollywood contract I was very happy for him. I didn't see him for several years. Not even after I came to Hollywood late in 1942. Then one day the studio told me they wanted me to make a test for the part of *Patsy* in 'Two Girls And A Sailor' and that I was to report at a certain time to a certain sound stage. When I got there I saw Van Johnson sitting on a bench in a sailor suit. My first thought was that he had enlisted in the Navy, and then I remembered about his terrible automobile accident. 'Van,' I shouted, making with the big hug, 'what are you doing here? I'm supposed to be testing on this stage.'

"'And I'm testing with you,' said Van, and right away we revived the old mutual admiration society. I told Van that this was my first important part in a picture, that I had only done specialty bits before, and I was so eager to make a good test that it hurt way down in the pit of my stomach. 'June, you can't miss,' he assured me. All during the test he'd wink at me every now and then, and I knew that meant, 'Don't worry, you're doing fine.' Van was so sweet all through that test, and later all through the picture.

"Van is just like he was that first night I met him in New York. Except that he is quieter, more serious. And he looks exactly the same as he did when I picked him out in 'Pal Joey'—the same grin, same freckles, same blond hair, same clean, wholesome American boy.

"I have had quite a few dates with Van since we finished the picture. He's great fun to be with. Sometimes we go to a night club to dance, Van likes to dance, and sometimes we just sit here in my apartment and discuss our careers and the great problems of life. We get very profound," June added with a giggle, "but I am sure we haven't hit upon anything new.

"Van is wonderful to talk to. When you talk to him you know that he is listening to every word you say, and you talk from your heart. He's that kind of a person. And when you're talking to him in a scene on a crowded stage it's just as if you were talking to him in your own home. He always listens to you. It's amazing. I've never before seen an actor who listens to you while you're playing in a scene!

"When you go to a night club with Van he is the perfect gentleman. He is always quiet and reserved, never does anything that might attract attention to you or himself in any way. And thank heavens, he is not a table hopper. You don't find yourself suddenly sitting all alone with your consommé while your date drops in on all the neighboring tables for a friendly chat. This has happened to me several times, but never with Van. Van likes to rhumba, and so do I, so when we go to a night club we usually pick one where there is a good rhumba orchestra. Van is an excellent dancer—I just won't mention," she added with a laugh, "that the last time he took me to Mocambo he danced a bow right off my right slipper."

At present Van is co-starring with the very easy-to-look-at Esther Williams in "Thrill Of A Romance." (Van joined the galaxy of Metro stars with his rôle of

Lt. Ted Lawson in the soon to be released "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo.") Esther, who swam her way into Hollywood, has had cinema woo pitched at her only by Mickey Rooney (in a couple of "Andy Hardys," ) and by comedian Red Skelton in "Bathing Beauty," so a romantic young man like Van Johnson to make love to her must be a treat indeed. And I must say Esther looked very happy as she waited on the sidelines to do a love scene with the idol of millions of American womanhood.

"The one big quality that has made Van so popular with his fans is his naturalness," Esther said in answer to my question. "Van, I have noticed working with him in this picture, is completely natural in all his scenes. There is no straining for a personality effect. And he's the same person off the screen as he is on.

"I've learned a great deal from Van, probably more from him than from any other actor or actress with whom I have appeared. He's shown me, for instance, how to show on my face what I'm thinking, without a lot of false gestures. This is one of Van's foremost traits of acting—this conveying what he is thinking during a scene.

"No popularity is more deserved than Van's. He earned his stardom by hard work, constant plugging, and consistent good acting. And success hasn't made him lose his sense of humor. It's been a great opportunity to work with him. And it's been fun too."

Well, the next time I get caught in a Van Johnson crush, I shall look around cautiously. Wouldn't surprise me in the least to find the Misses Dunne, Allyson and Williams right in there with the bobby socks.





The new cherry blonde at 20th Century-Fox, Vivian Blaine, next bewitches in "Nob Hill."

## My Marriage Survives Separation!

Continued from page 39

they *can* be happy, even though they are separated. I don't think separations, if necessary, ever harm a marriage. If the separations are unnecessary, that's different. If anybody has to take a vacation from marriage, he'd better do something about it. I do not believe in separate vacations for two people who are married. When you love someone, you don't want to spend your vacations apart from him.

"But if there is a good reason for a separation, like some imperative war

necessity, then time and distance cannot hurt your love. Of course, I don't like being separated from Jon, but he understands the way I feel about going on these long trips to entertain the servicemen."

Frances looked up at me directly and earnestly. We were sitting at the Brown Derby, and a waitress hovered solicitously about our table. It turned out that she wanted Frances' autograph. It seemed as if the world wanted that autograph. Our table was besieged by servicemen, who came up to Frances to

tell her how much they thought of her, and to beg her to scrawl her name for them. One boy shyly said, "Will you sign my best girl's picture?" So Frances did. In an aside, the young soldier whispered to me, "Gee, it's wonderful meeting Frances, but I don't know how to act."

Frances herself looked as beautiful as ever, even more so. For a change her blonde hair was piled high on her head in an upswept bob. (She usually wears it down, to please the servicemen.) Her eyes were as clear as ever, and yet there was a faint sadness in them, telling a silent story of the strain she had been undergoing on her last trip away from Jon.

"This last separation," she said, "was in a way different from all the others."

I knew what she meant. For this last separation had been the acid test of the devotion between Frances and Jon. Ever since Frances started entertaining servicemen, reporters have besieged both her and Jon to ask them, "What do these separations mean? Are you going to get a divorce?"

The question always infuriated Frances. Because her love for Jon has never wavered. Between them, there has always existed a perfect understanding.

"There is a stubborn streak in me which has made me feel that entertaining servicemen was the right thing for me to do," said Frances. "Jon saw how much it meant to me to go on these tours, and so he agreed to let me do what I thought right."

"At first, Jon was unhappy to see me go. He feared for my safety; and hated the thought of our being separated. You see, for the first three years of our marriage we had never been separated for a single day. Jonny and I idolize each other; and we spent all our free time together. If it had not been for the war, Jonny and I would still not have been separated for a single day. But Bob Hope got the idea of entertaining servicemen in different camps in the United States. He wanted me to go with him. 'They're used to hearing you on the radio, Frances,' he said, 'and the show won't seem right or complete to them without you.'"

"Well, Jonny and I would be separated only for a day or two at a time. I asked Jonny about it. Reluctantly, he gave his consent. He felt it would be unpatriotic to say 'no' to me. But both of us recognized that the separation would be the first break in our companionship."

"Then came Pearl Harbor, and we were really at war. Now Bob Hope got another idea. It was not enough to entertain men in this country; he felt we should entertain those overseas. Again he wanted me to come along. But that would mean that Jon and I would be separated for weeks—perhaps months at a time. Besides, my mother and Jonny felt it was dangerous for me to go overseas. Jonny would take any risk for himself—but he was afraid for me."

"Jonny," I said, "I know I am going to come through this all right. My hunches have never failed me yet; and I have a hunch I shall come through this trip without a scratch."

"And so Jonny, somewhat against his will, was persuaded. He found I was



right. Although we were in great danger sometimes, we always escaped unharmed. So gradually, Jonny came more and more to believe me, when I would say, before starting on a trip, 'None of us will be hurt, Jonny. I know it.'

"I knew, too, that our marriage would not be harmed by our separations. Jonny and I both knew that they were as much a part of the war as when a serviceman goes overseas. And I knew too, that his was a worse job than mine—waiting, hoping, praying, beset by fears for my safety—while I had all the excitement of the trips and the knowledge we were really cheering those soldiers up.

"At first there were stupid rumors to the effect that we were breaking up and that our marriage could not survive so much separation. Once in New York, Walter Winchell, the columnist, asked me at the Stork Club, 'Frances, once and for all, what is the purpose of these separations? Are you and Jonny going to stay married?'

"We were hurt in the beginning when people misunderstood. But our love was stronger than our hurt. We had complete and implicit faith in one another."

When Frances was in the South Pacific on her recent trip, that faith underwent its greatest and severest test. Because of an unfortunate set of circumstances, that separation was given a terrific blast of publicity in the newspapers. It has always been understood between Frances and Jon that when they are separated, neither of them can possibly live like a hermit. Jon knows that Frances likes to dance, and when she's overseas, he expects her to dance and dine with other people. Frances doesn't expect Jon to shut himself up at home and go nowhere.

Jon hadn't heard from Frances for several days (her letters had been delayed) and he was terribly worried about her. And so, feeling blue, he went to a party. And there was a fight. You've read about that in the newspapers.

The radio carried the news to the islands of the South Pacific. When Frances flew into Guadalcanal in a P-38, the news had preceded her. A newspaperman there said to her, "I suppose you've heard about the fight your husband was in. His face was all cut up. He'll never be able to act again."

Frances said, "I don't believe it. I'm not going to worry about anything I don't believe."

But wherever she went on the island after that, people told her fantastic stories of what happened.

"There is no room for jealousy," she told me, "in a marriage in which two people love each other. If love is one-sided, then there is an excuse for jealousy. Otherwise, it is just stupid. But I was worried about the reports that Jon had been injured."

Then came a cable from Jon, "Darling, for heaven's sake don't believe the ugly rumors. I wasn't hurt as badly as the papers and radio said."

At first even that wire didn't banish all Frances' fears for Jon. "Perhaps he is badly hurt," she thought. "He may be telling me he isn't just to reassure me."

Then another cable came from Jon, even more reassuring than the first one.

"I can't be hurt so badly," it said. "I am working at the studio again."

That comforted Frances. After all, she knew that if Jon had been injured as badly as the newspapers said, he couldn't be working so soon afterwards.

Bob Hope, too, was a source of great comfort and understanding. "The newspapers always build these things up. You know that, Frances," he said. "I'll bet the whole thing isn't half as bad as they say it is."

Fortified by Bob Hope's reassurances and by Jon's cables, Frances was able to face the people who told her how terribly they believed Jon had been injured.

In Bougainville, Carole Landis, who was

entertaining with Jack Benny's troupe, said to Frances, "if it's as bad as they say, I don't know how you can go on."

"I'm not going to worry till I get home and see for myself," Frances said.

"If a marriage is really serious," Frances said to me, "and two people have an understanding, it is foolish to let anything anyone says bother you. All you have to do is have a little bit of intelligence and you can figure things out for yourself."

When Frances found that photographers dogged her footsteps constantly in the obvious hope that she would do something unwise to strike back at Jonny, she locked herself in her room.

Betty Grable next gives the boys something to whistle at in "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe."





She was suffering terribly, and was hurt and angry that people understood so little about the depth of her love for Jon.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the ocean, Jon Hall was going through a private hell of his own. Because word came to him that Frances' plane had crashed amid the islands of the South Pacific. "Is Frances safe?" he wanted to know. "Sorry, we've had no word yet," the radio station told Jon. He begged them to let him know the minute they did have word. Meanwhile, his fears for Frances' safety mounted.

This is what really happened. The plane in which Frances was flying to one of the islands of the Pacific made a forced landing—really it was a crackup. Frances had heard that when there is danger of a forced landing, it's a good idea to lie down on the floor of the plane and brace yourself. But there was no room. So she sat in the navigator's chair, which is something like a swivel chair. The seat belt support was supposed to hold her in. But it was eight inches too big. Frances told the co-pilot and he said, "I'll be back and see that you're fastened more securely." But he wasn't able to come back.

The plane lost altitude very fast. The first time it hit, it landed in the water. The pilot lost control. The plane, doing 45 knots, about 60 or 70 miles an hour, bounced and ran straight into a sand bar. It came to a sudden dead stop. Frances was thrown into the cockpit. Instinctively she put her hands up, to protect her face.

She fell, and Bob's suitcase fell on top of her. Her arms and legs were badly bruised. She was so painfully injured she could hardly stand up, but with typical Langford gallantry, she said, "As long as nothing is broken, I'm satisfied."

Today Frances admits that it is a miracle that no bones were broken. But the skin was rubbed off her arms and legs in several places. She knew that if she wired Jon about the abrasions and

bruises, he would worry about her. So when she cabled him, she told him a white lie—that she had landed without being hurt at all. Later on, when she saw him, would be time enough to tell the whole truth.

"I didn't want Jon to worry about me," Frances said simply.

Four weeks after these dramatic events, Frances and Jon were reunited at the airport. Each must have been haunted by fears about the other. Then Frances saw Jon. Her heart melted with happiness. There he was, looking the same as ever not a sign of any injury, except for the tiniest scar, almost unnoticeable, on the tip of his nose. In spite of everything that had gone before, it was a joyous homecoming. To Jon it was heaven to have Frances in his arms again. And to Frances it was heaven to be with Jon.

Frances knew that soon she would have to go with Bob Hope on another tour, this time to Canada, to entertain the servicemen of our ally across the border. In the meanwhile, she and Jon would make the most of every moment that fate permitted them to spend together. They spent the greater part of their precious days at home. Never had their home meant more to them. It is the perfect symbol of the unity and harmony of their lives together; of the way in which those lives are enmeshed and bound together. There is the rumpus room, for instance, filled with the treasures Jon brought home from Tahiti and the South Seas. There is the hall, with a portrait of Frances looking down at you from the walls. There is the living room, with the rug which Frances brought back from a previous trip to Africa. Every room in the house is an expression of the personalities of Jon and Frances.

Frances said to me, "Each time Jon and I meet again, it seems as if we haven't known each other for very long, and it is wonderful to become acquainted all over again. It's like being married again, and it's delightful. We have learned to appreciate being together, and get

more pleasure out of it than most people would ordinarily.

"A lot of people who have been separated by the war are going to feel the same way when their sweethearts and husbands come back from the services. They'll discover then that such separations cannot harm love—not real, true love—and they'll find even more pleasure in each other's company than they knew before the war.

"No distance can truly separate two people who love one another," Frances said. And she has proved it triumphantly in her own marriage.

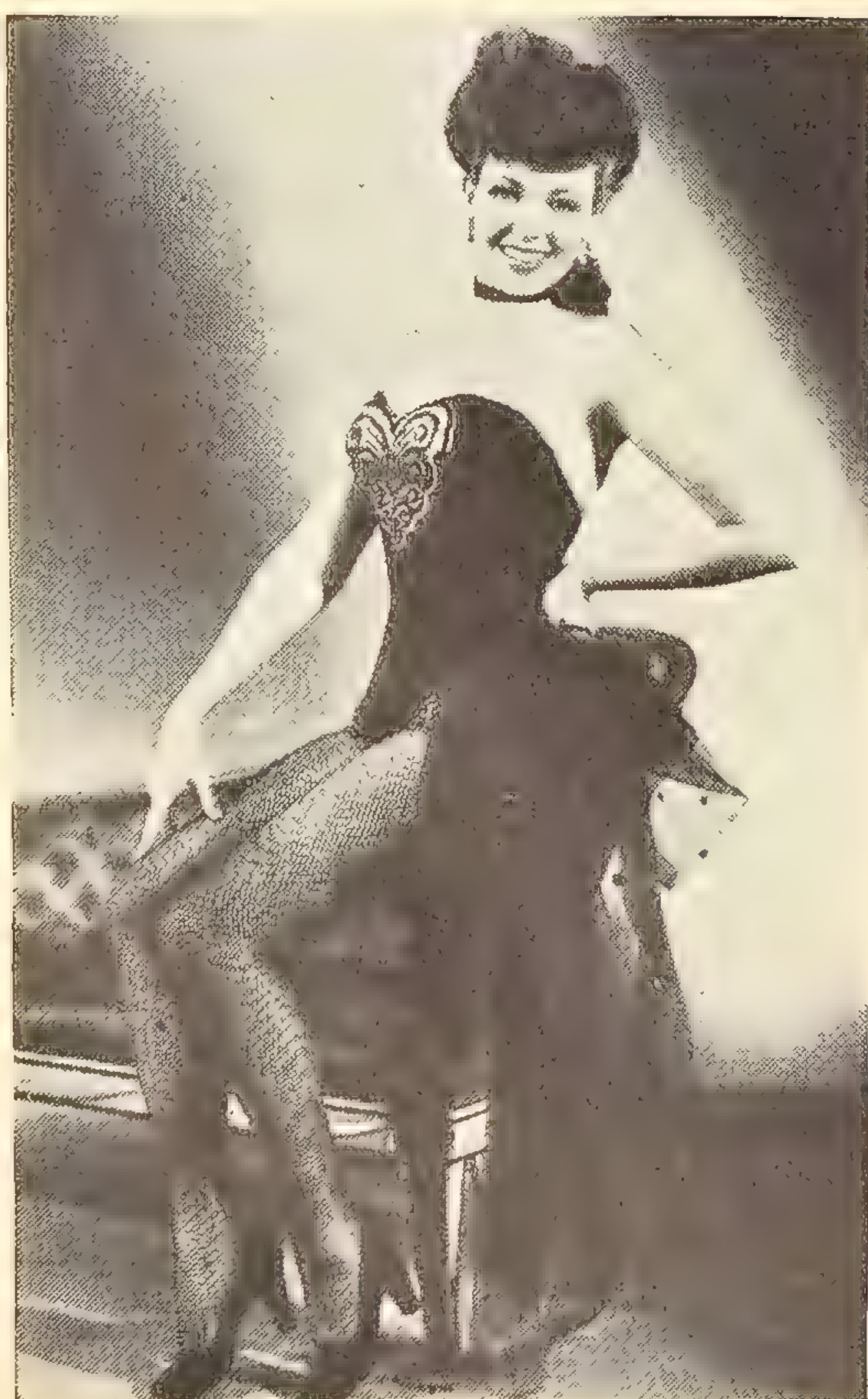
Later I talked to Jon, and he told me, "Frances and I are just like any other two people in love. We hate to be separated from each other. I'd like to go with Frances on her trips, but I have to stay home and work. Her work is with Bob Hope. I can't arrange my schedule to go with them.

"It's the war that has caused these separations, and we're not the only individuals who have been separated because of the war. Besides, Frances and Bob Hope and all his troupe are making a splendid contribution to the morale of our men.

"I do my best to help the war effort in my own way. (Jon is in the Coast Guard reserve.) I haven't made personal appearance the way Frances has, because the servicemen see nothing but men all year round, so that they're not interested in seeing another man, unless he can sing or is a terrific comedian."

And Frances said, laughing, "I'm afraid Jon's appearance, even in a sarong, wouldn't do a thing for the morale of the boys. They want to see girls. You don't even have to sing to make them happy, if you're a girl. They just like to look at you."

"I'm looking forward to the end of the war as anxiously as anyone," said Jon. "When it's over, I don't intend to let anything keep Frances and myself apart. We love each other, and we don't want to be separated."



Linda Darnell, left, is a stunning eyeful in her 1900 costume for Bing Crosby's first production, "The Great John L." Greg McClure, a newcomer in the title rôle, is the lucky man who claims Linda as his first wife in the film.



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## That New Girl

Continued from page 49

wait, but to rush right into the ring and wrestle with opportunity. She has always wanted to be in the movies. She has always wanted to be on the stage, too. She has the talent, the looks and the audacity. You look at her and you decide instantly that she's an actress. Even at previews she attended before she had appeared in her one and only picture, kids came up and asked for her autograph.

"But, really, I'm not a star!" she protested to two young high school girls who accosted her. "I haven't been in a picture."

"Oh, that's all right," replied one. "You look like you will be. Besides, we like nice people, anyway."

Lauren Bacall was very happy about that.

When she arrived at Warner Brothers she was faced with the inevitable. Warners' artisans wanted to do her over.

"I don't get it," she told the writer. "When you go to a store and you buy something, you buy it because you like it and can use it. You don't take a potato masher home and carve it into a wooden spoon."

"I admit several things. I admit that because I never wear a hat my hair is two-toned. I admit my eyebrows are crooked. My mouth is big. My teeth aren't too straight. But I was bought

for what I was, and I'm going to stay that way. There'll be no changes."

She has made one concession. She has dropped plain Betty for Lauren, which is a family name, so it really isn't much of an alteration, anyway.

At 16, Lauren was hopelessly stage-struck. She had seen every picture in which Bette Davis had appeared. When Bette visited New York, Lauren got the name of the hotel at which she was staying and would go into the lobby and wait for hours. When Bette came in, Lauren would ride up in the elevator with her, never speaking, but worshipping from afar. One day she summoned all her courage and, bringing a girl friend, called on Bette.

The star was very sympathetic with her ambitions. But then came complete disruption. The girl friend swooned. Lauren and Bette had quite a time with her and Lauren was very, very embarrassed. Bette and Lauren are on the same lot, now. Lauren, still embarrassed, is trying to summon up nerve to speak!

Lauren always has been with her mother, Natalie. Her parents were separated when she was very young. Mrs. Bacall, a skilled secretary, has always worked, as long as Betty can remember—pardon, Lauren. Mrs. Bacall was disturbed when, while still in private school—Lauren had not yet even enrolled in

Julia Richman High School in New York—Lauren expressed a desire to be an actress.

"Being an actress is a very hard job," her mother told her, "and you'll have a lot of hard knocks. I'd rather have you try almost anything else, but if your heart is set on it. I'll help all I can."

Natalie Bacall kept her word. Lauren, born in New York City on September 16, 1924, was permitted to start modeling when she was 11 years old. While in high school she became a part-time student at the New York School of the Theater. When she was graduated from high school at the tender age of 15—she was precocious—she entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

"At 15 and 16 I was very awkward," Lauren relates. "I didn't stand much chance as a model, but I tried. And in the summers I got jobs as junior counsellor in Connecticut camps. I staged plays and pageants and things like that."

In 1941, when Betty—we mean Lauren—was 16, she began pounding pavements, as she puts it. She got a job in downtown New York modelling, but at lunch hour she'd rush up to a drug store at 44th St. and Broadway, where down-at-the-heels actors hung about. She'd engage them in conversation.

"Show me Max Gordon," she'd ask, or "What does George S. Kaufman look like?" or "Where can I see Brock Pemberton or John Golden?"

By persistent questioning and observation she became able to recognize them and other producers and directors. One



day, after hearing that Max Gordon was about to rehearse a road company of "My Sister Eileen," she accosted him on the street. Practically dog-trotting beside him, she panted: "I'm Betty Bacall, Mr. Gordon, and I'm sure that I'd be a real asset to your road company. I've had lots of experience, and I'm a very good actress and —"

"We have a reading this afternoon at two," Gordon replied, smiling at her breathlessly serious manner. "You report."

Lauren called the clothing company for which she was modelling and told of a sudden, mysterious illness which had overtaken her, and how she must go to the home of a friend and lie down for a few hours. She reported to Gordon at two, was put on the stage, and proceeded to read the lines hanging onto the back of a chair which was practically in the wings.

"Come out into the open, Miss Bacall," said Gordon. Lauren stuck to her post.

"What else could I do?" she recalls. "I was perspiring, I was shaking so I could hardly hold the script, my knees were wobbling, and if I'd let go of the chair I'd have fallen flat on my face."

If she had taken the road job, she'd have been out by Christmas, 1941. She had several readings, and also read for George S. Kaufman, Brock Pemberton and John Golden. Then she met Paul Lukas, who was starred in the famed "Watch On The Rhine." Lukas was very sympathetic, gave her a lot of good advice, one line of which she quotes verbatim: "The most important thing is sincerity. Don't try to act. Live what you are doing." Lukas advised her against going on the road. She might be away from Broadway for a year or two, and your career would be postponed that long."

Lauren's career from this point on was very spotty. She got a full taste of rehearsals, road openings, draughty stages, hard work. She won a "walk-on" in "Johnny Two-by-Four" at \$15 per week, and played it for two months, three weeks on the "subway" circuit—meaning New York's lesser houses and in nearby cities. In 1942, Max Gordon gave her a chance in "Franklin Street." Scared to death, she reported in flat shoes and a cotton dress. She wore no make-up and had her hair pulled back tight against her head.

"I was tall and I looked older, and I wasn't taking any chances," she explained. For a while Lauren played the part of *Adele*. Then Kaufman, who was directing, summoned her. "This is it," she told herself. "I'm going to be fired." She waited for the blow to fall, only to find that Kaufman wanted her to switch parts with another girl and play the character of *Maude*.

"Franklin Street" opened in Wilmington, Delaware, went to Washington. Mrs. Roosevelt attended a performance and Lauren was all a-dither. But even Mrs. Roosevelt's generous applause failed to put the piece over and it folded, after about a fortnight. Lauren got \$50 per week for this chore, was hopelessly broke when the last curtain fell. She was pretty blue when she got back to New York.



Turhan Bey and his best girl—his mother.

"I'm going to introduce you to the fashion editor of a national magazine," a gentleman of her acquaintance said. "You'll get a good break."

"But I don't want to model any more," she protested. "I'm an actress now."

Nevertheless, she did meet the editor, did pose, did model a blouse, and the caption said "young actress." It was this picture and this caption that Mrs. Howard Hawks, the wife of the producer-director saw in her home nearly 3,000 miles away, and showed to her husband. "That girl has possibilities," Mrs. Hawks said.

"I'll test her," said Hawks, who is credited with many film discoveries, the latest prior to Lauren being Universal's Ella Raines.

So Lauren got the telegram and, just as she dashed after Max Gordon she dashed to California, figuring that if she was a bust she'd go right back to New York. She brought her pet golden cocker spaniel, "Droopy," with her, but left her mother at home, as she didn't want to waste two round-trip tickets on a wild goose chase.

She waited four weeks for her test. She played a scene from "Claudia." Hawks invited her to see it.

"I sank lower and lower in my seat," she said. "I hoped the projection room would swallow me."

After it was over, Hawks turned to her and asked: "What do you think?"

"I think," she replied, "that maybe I ought to be a dish-washer."

Nevertheless, Hawks put her under personal contract. He told her to read everything she could aloud. As months drifted by, she went into the hills above Beverly Hills and read at the top of her voice. She tried Shakespeare, newspapers, poetry and various modern plays. A cruising police car stopped one day, and its occupants asked her what she was doing. "I'm studying," she said. "I'm an actress."

The pair shook tolerant heads, went on cruising. They were used to things like that. The studying lasted about five hours each day. Came her six months option and it was lifted. Hawks congratulated her on keeping the pitch of her voice down. She'd expected to be fired. Then she was summoned for her

test opposite Bogart for "To Have And Have Not." Bogart played a fisherman, running free French on the side at Fort du France, Martinique, in 1940. Lauren was cast as a drifter, frank, down-to-earth, stranded in Martinique by lack of funds.

Lauren, unassuming, frank and sincere, was a hit on the sets at once. Bogart went out of his way to coach her, insisted on having lines re-written to improve her part, "stood-in" off-scene in close-ups so that she could look at him and get more out of her lines than if she was addressing empty space.

There was considerable horse-play. Bogart, in playful mood, hand-cuffed her to her dressing room door. Everyone was very kind and solicitous, but nobody unlocked the hand cuffs. She called for a glass of water, pretending thirst, and when Bogart got within range she gave it to him.

Rushes indicate a great find.

Lauren, following Lukas' sterling advice and her own instincts, is being Lauren Bacall on and off screen. She has sent for her mother, who is now in Hollywood and seeking employment. They live in a modest furnished apartment in Beverly Hills with "Droopy." Lauren loves the sun, and the streak of light blonde hair which the sun has put in her hair. She loves to swim. She hates night clubs. She says: "If you like someone, you don't have to go to a night club to have a good time. If you are so bored with a person that you have to go to a night club to relieve the monotony you're not very bright to go out with him."

Lauren, intent on a career, admits being in love. She says she has been for eight months, that the man is not in motion pictures, not in the services, and is in a profession. Further than this she won't go. "My career comes first," she says. "As long as I'm not going to marry right away, let's be mysterious."

Lauren believes that her hard knocks have made her a better actress than she might otherwise be, thinks schooling is necessary and recommends college "if you haven't the ambition to educate yourself." Bette Davis is still her favorite actress, Paul Lukas her favorite actor, George S. Kaufman her favorite stage director. She is still a bit wide-eyed over the patience of Howard Hawks, and thinks it's wonderful he should have paid her salary for so long while she was bringing in absolutely nothing. She's mighty grateful.

Lauren doesn't own a fur coat, and when she "steps out" she wears a black chesterfield which has a black velvet collar, and which is two years old. The day we talked she was without make-up, wore a tailored beige suit, high-heeled slippers and a chartreuse blouse. She says she likes slacks better, and runs around her apartment in bare feet.

She is glad her mother isn't the stage door type. Probably her greatest ambition is to own a boat, not a yacht, but the kind you open cans in and just sun yourself. "Droopy" is her best pal, and she confesses that when she gets low she puts a symphony on her phonograph and proceeds to confess all to him. He seems to understand.



## Red Head, Hot Feet!

Continued from page 22

before." I couldn't stop to explain. I was too anxious to get back to my dressing room and see if my hunch was right."

It was. A keen-eyed gentleman awaited her. He studied her heart-shaped face, blue eyes, and red hair for an instant then came directly to the point. "Ever thought of working in pictures, Miss Bremer?"

"Only all my life," said Lucille, also to the point.

"What sort of rôles would you like to play?"

Her toe tingled like crazy as she replied, "I know exactly what I want. To work in a picture with Judy Garland and dance with Fred Astaire.

The gentleman from Hollywood regarded the dancer with awe. Strangely enough, Arthur Freed had come to New York to solve two casting problems—a girl to play Judy Garland's sister, and a new dancing partner for Fred Astaire. This girl not only seemed to read his mind, she considered herself the answer to both problems! It was enough to curl a producer's hair. "We'll make a screen test and find out what you can do," he muttered weakly.

At the MGM Studios Lucille followed still another hunch. For her screen test she stepped out of her dancing shoes to stride through the tragic death scene from "Dark Victory," the Bette Davis vehicle. (She strongly resembles La Davis, even to the arrogant tilt of her chin.) Result of this strategy was a long term contract and a dramatic rôle in "Meet Me In St. Louis," starring as you might know, Judy Garland.

Working out half a hunch would satisfy most people, but not our Lucille. Every moment she could steal from the "St. Louis" set she spent on a rehearsal stage practicing Astaire routines. Most of them she knew by heart, having sat through countless Astaire performances on the screen. While prospective Astaire partners were being tested on other stages, Lucille went right on dancing, confident that her hunch and her tingling tootsies would carry her into the coveted part. Right on schedule, Fred happened by the rehearsal stage and attracted by the tap-tap of dancing feet, wandered in. From behind a set he watched in amazement as Lucille went through a routine, step for step as he had created it. "May I have the next dance?" he politely inquired, emerging from his hiding place. Lucille nodded a shaky assent, and five breathless moments later the year-long search for a dancing partner was ended. Rehearsal for the lavish musical numbers in "Ziegfeld Follies" were under way.

A little-girl hunch at the age of seven started her on the road to stardom. The Bremers had just moved to Philadelphia from Amsterdam, New York, Lucille's birthplace, when she got that tingle for the first time. Without warning she announced to her mother, "I'm going to be a dancer!" Mama thought Suzy a mite young for dancing lessons, but little Lucille fretted and talked about

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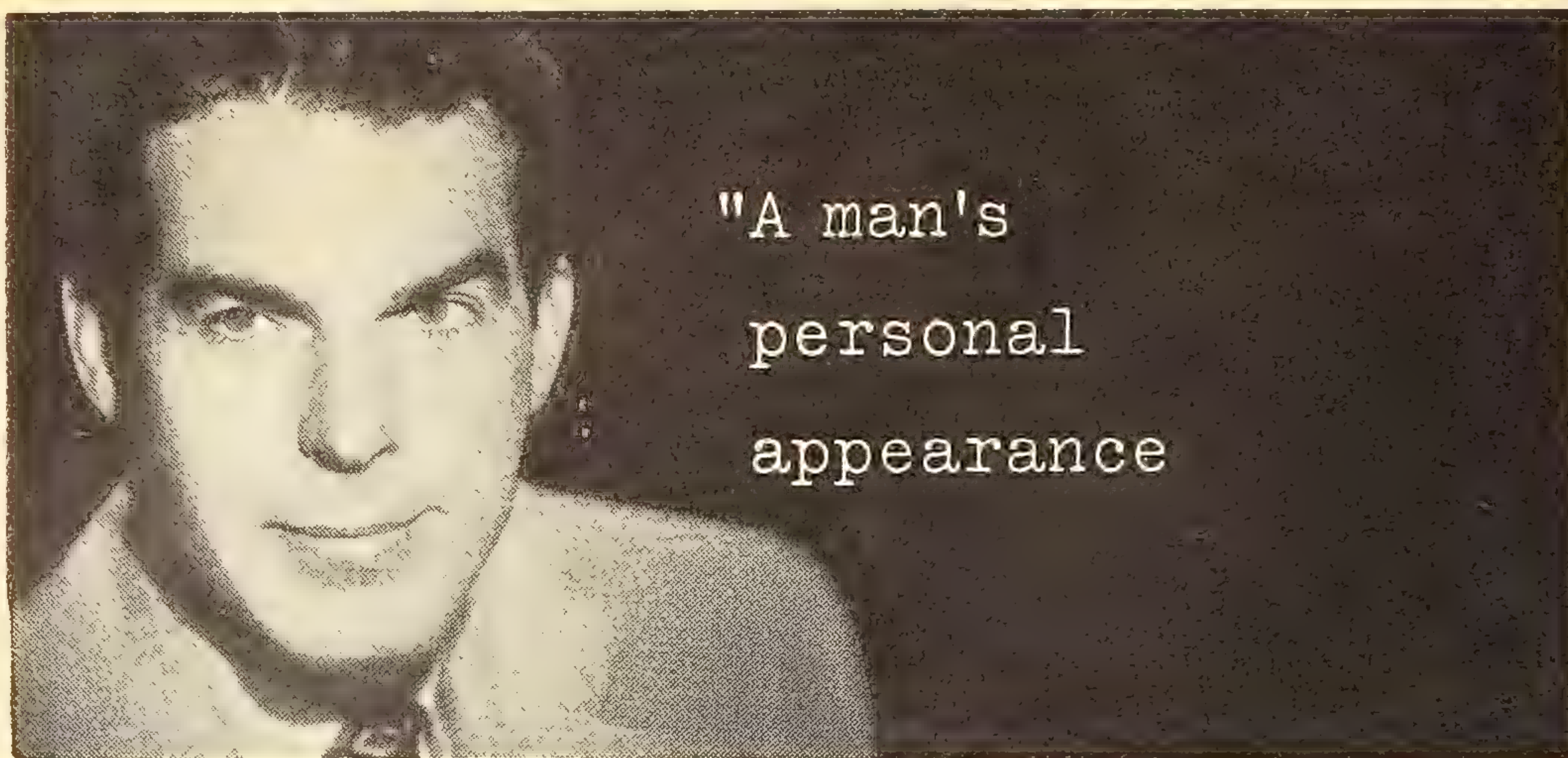
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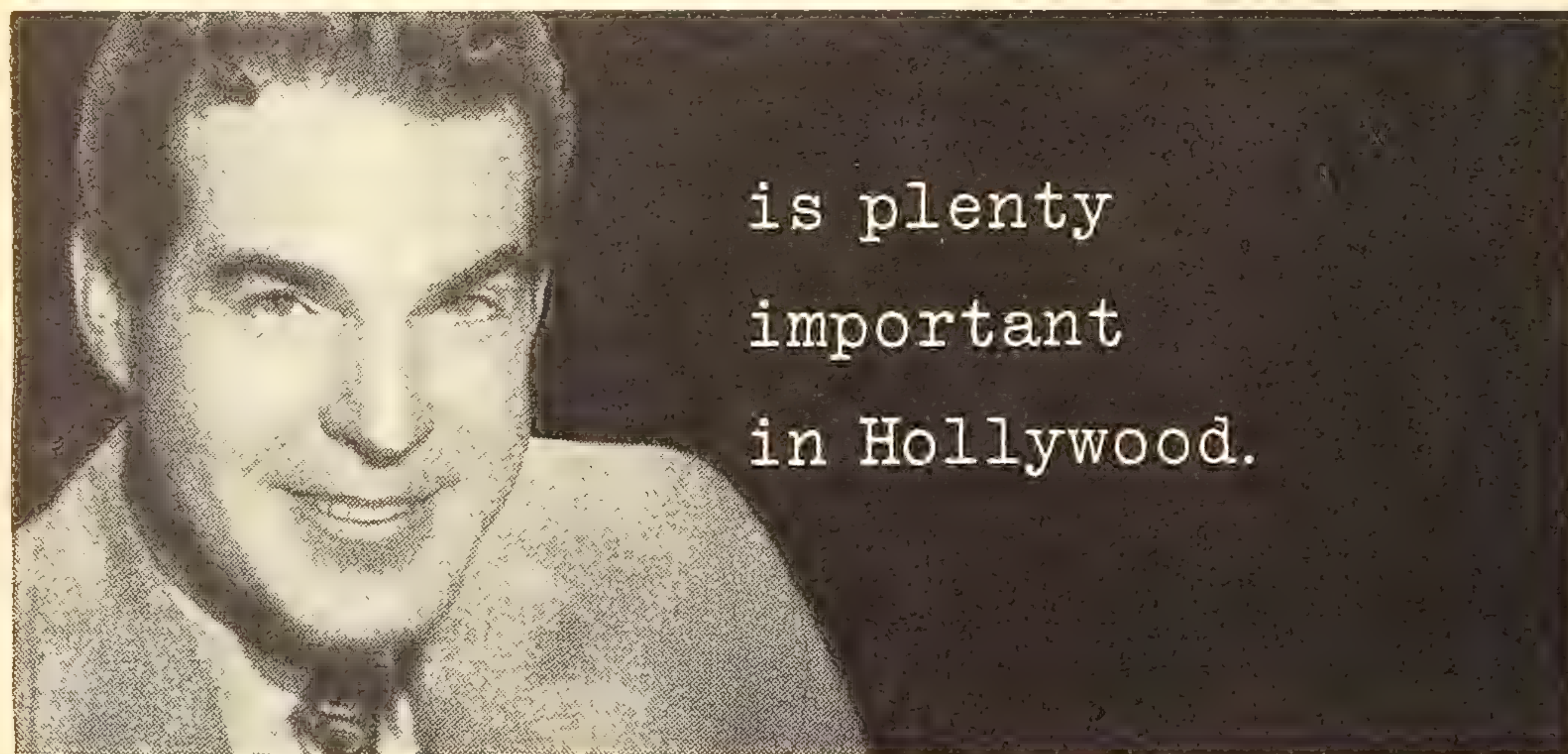


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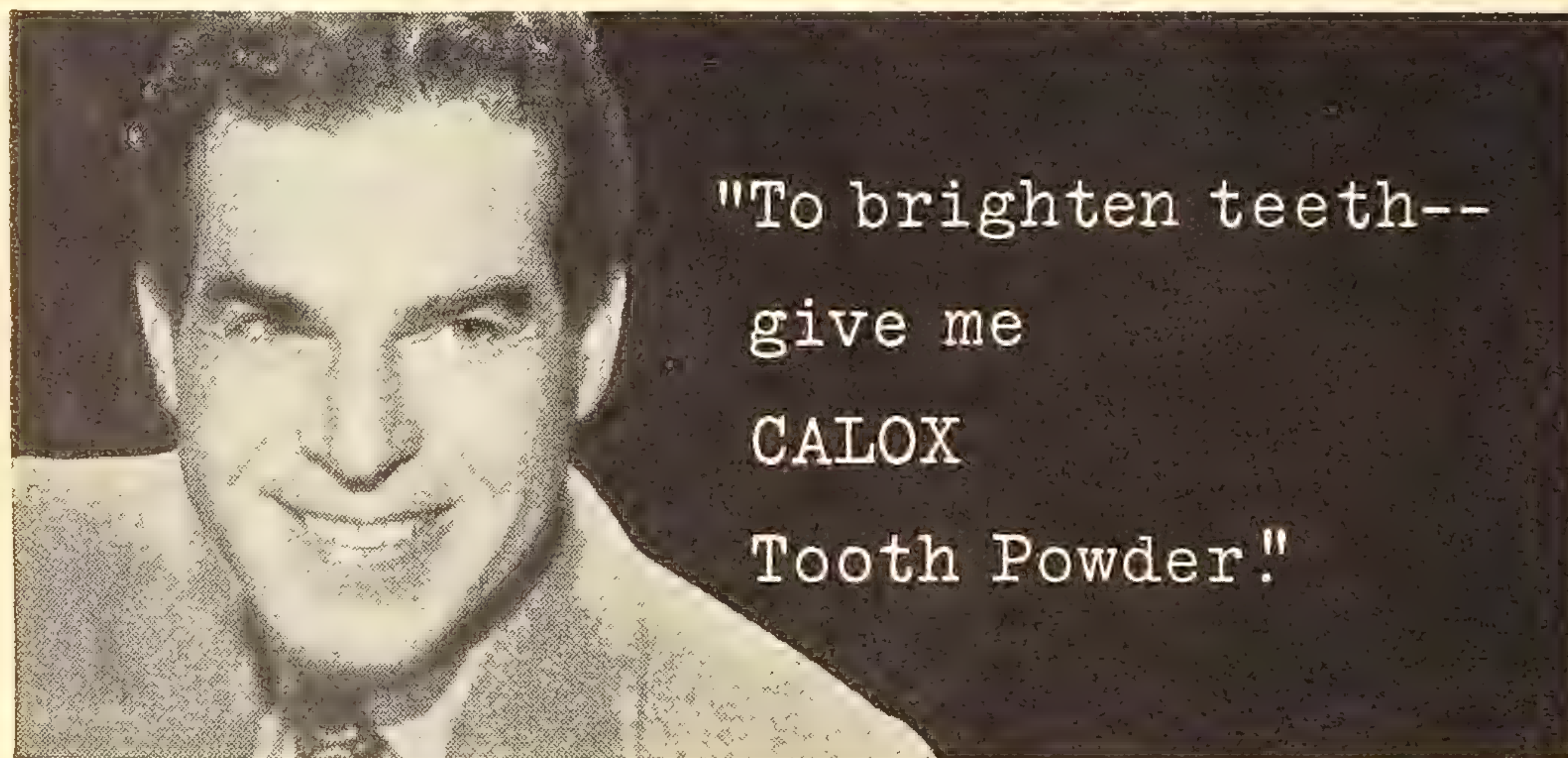
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nothing else for weeks on end. "I've got to start now. It might take years before I'm good enough for the stage."

*The stage!* That almost did it. Sarah Bremer finally consented, certain the child would get over her whim as soon as the novelty had worn off. However, Lucille stuck to her ballet shoes, working with amazing fidelity in preparation for her chosen career. Five years later came the bombshell. "I'm going to audition for the ballet of the Philadelphia Opera Company," she calmly declared.

"A child of twelve in the opera ballet?" gasped Mama. "Really, Lucille, where *do* you get these wild notions?"

"I've got a hunch I can make it," was the reply.

And she did.

It took Mrs. Bremer a while to grow accustomed to the idea. By the time she learned to settle back and view Lucille's "operantics" with maternal pride, Lucille was ready to follow her next hunch, which prompted her to quit the ballet and head for New York. Her tingling digit carried her directly into the world-famed Rockettes, then into the stage musical comedy, "Panama Hattie." The hunches came faster after that. In addition to her stage work, she secured a job modeling in the mornings and dancing at the Copacabana Club after the show.

She hasn't had time for romance, but has a very special hunch about the man she will eventually marry. "He will be definitely bright, and with a sense of humor. Rather tall, I think. With an interesting profession. Perhaps a doctor. I've always favored doctors." (Doctors qualified to fill this prescription may now proceed at their own risk).

Her studio has important plans for the girl with stardust on her dancing toes. After "Ziegfeld Follies," she will dance again with Astaire in "Yolanda And The Thief." She is also slated for the lead in "Red Shoes Run Faster." With Lucille Bremer's feet in them, they certainly will.

## This Is What I Believe

Continued from page 31

Yes, indeed, I believe in sentiment. One day I took Skip to the Orthopedic Hospital. I wanted him to see those bright, brave little soldiers in their braces, or wheel chairs. I wanted him to appreciate his healthy, strong body. He didn't do anything dramatic like sinking down on his knees and thanking God that he didn't have to go through such pain. But I know the contrast between his good fortune and their tragic limitations was quite obvious. He was still. He had no words. But deep in his eyes was understanding. They were filled with tears of sympathy. I am sure he will not be the kind of man who hates all expression of sentiment.

I believe in going to church—but not just to give lip service to the Lord. Very often, on my way home from the studio, I stop at a little church. I go inside—and just sit there. I don't even pray formally on those occasions. But I find complete relaxation and a sense of well-



being and renewed strength. I go out with my shoulders back and my chin a little higher, my step a little surer.

I believe in being self-reliant—in doing the best you can as thoughtfully as you can, and in praying right along with your activities. Not turning to God in a last minute frenzy asking Him to straighten out mistakes you've made. I believe in specific prayer, too. When Jack Benny was gravely ill with pneumonia in Chicago, Mary called long distance. She asked us to pray. I went to my tiny church for that prayer. Jack Benny recovered. Plenty of people will say, "He would have recovered anyway." It is such a human failing to forget to be grateful. We ask God for what we want, and when our prayers are answered, we take our blessings for granted. That is almost worse than having no faith at all.

A prayer for personal gain should carry the qualification, sincerely added in all humbleness, "If it be Thy Will." So many people think their prayers aren't answered. They are really telling God what to do. I don't believe that is prayer. I believe real prayer relinquishes one's outlined desire to Divine Wisdom.

I believe that faith is stronger than fear, and can conquer it. Once I was trampled by a horse. I was badly injured. They told me that I might not walk again. Afraid of being paralyzed, I got up and walked! I *had* to walk. Faith replaced fear. When I got to the hospital, they couldn't believe that with the injuries I had sustained, I had walked. Months of treatment followed, of course. Call it faith or call it fear, but walk I did!

I believe that friendship should never be taken for granted. Never kick friendship around. What crimes of omission are committed against friends! We neglect our friends and shower attention upon our enemies. Why, in heaven's name? You wouldn't let your house go to wrack and ruin; let your silver remain unpolished; your flowers go unwatered and untended. A friend needs to be tended, too. Do things for them. Put yourself out for them. You'd expect them to do it for you.

I believe in cherishing love. A successful marriage doesn't just happen. You give great thought to your life, your health, your job—give tender, caring thought to every facet of your marriage. Give it the care and attention you'd give a garden in which you expect things to grow. No one would deliberately plant weeds in his garden. So watch the thoughts, ideas, words, you sow in marriage.

I believe in showing appreciation for a kind gesture. I believe in the thank-you note. I even believe—heaven help me—in men opening doors for women. (A lot of good it does me. The only people who seem to open doors for women nowadays are professional doormen, and even they are sometimes too busy to bother.) I believe that men should be gallant toward women even though there's a war on. I believe that gallantry toward women is one of the things we're fighting for.

I believe that you should give the best you've got to your job, and work every

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day as hard as you did when you were aching to make good at your job.

There is a time for everything—and differences of opinion and private problems should be ironed out before an actor or actress gets to the set. No actor or actress has a right to bring his personal problems to a studio. Once a young actor, getting his first big break in a picture I was in, was grouchy and sullen on the set. So was everyone else when he was around. He was worrying about a personal problem, I knew. Finally he said to me, "What's the matter with everybody?" So I told him. "You, son." And then I let him have it. "You're head man in this picture. And as head man, you have no right to bring the effect of your personal problems to the studio. As head man you're getting the breaks. You'll get the applause, the fame and the dough. And you may as well face it right now on your first picture—you'll pay some heavy penalties. You must never be unhappy (at least no one must ever guess you are); you must never even look sad. Don't ever come grouching in the morning. Everyone has problems. As head man, honey, let the guys who aren't getting the big breaks be the grouches or the tired or bored or pouting ones. As head man, listen to their problems; never unload your own." He was a swell, eager kid and actually took my advice!

As a rule I don't give advice to people. I believe in minding my own business. If, as in that case, I am asked, I will say what I think, but unless I've been asked or unless the need is so obvious words aren't necessary, I will keep my trap shut. I have a terror of interfering. Once in a while, though, I can't help myself. Once I remember the time I found my manicurist crying. When I asked her if I could help she told me no one could help. That she was very much in love; that she and her fiance wanted to marry and have children. But her mother was dependent upon her for support, and the young man didn't earn enough to support both of them. She was crying because they had just quarrelled and broken their engagement. She had always been such a happy kid.

I had to do something. I was lucky enough to discover a better paying job for her fiance, and a job her mother could handle nicely. Now they are happily married. But, brother, I have to be sure before I'll interfere.

I don't believe that what I believe must be believed by everyone else. When I was a youngster, I wanted to be a missionary, but as I grew up, I narrowed my feeling of responsibility. I came to see that if I did a darn good missionary job on myself, that if I policed my own thinking the best way I knew how, I would be a greater missionary than if I went to the jungles. I wasn't too sure I would do anything but confuse instead of convert the natives. And I decided to mind my own business. The natives I saw in pictures looked pretty happy to me, anyway. Goodness breeds goodness. The best sermon is a good example.

I believe that nothing on earth is permanent. There is no such thing as a success that can be taken for granted.

I like Kipling's lines, which express a world of meaning in thirteen words:

"Meet with triumph and disaster

And treat these two impostors just the same."

I believe that material things of themselves are unimportant. It is what they stand for that gives them whatever importance they have.

Being human, I enjoy the softness of downy cushions, the lustre of fine china, the sparkle of crystal, the shine of good silver. I enjoy the possession of such things as evidence of some measure of success and an appreciation of the artistry and fine craftsmanship of others. I love books and the possession of fine books is a genuine thrill. I should die a little without them.

I believe that my greatest blessing is to have had enough talent to have achieved my opportunities; and through those opportunities, to have gained the wherewithal to do for others. I'm humbly aware of that blessing. I get great happiness out of the little I manage to do for others. I respect organized philanthropy and support it to as large a degree as I can—but I feel that helpfulness to others shouldn't be limited to signing a substantial check. There is such great joy in doing things, personally; in giving some measure of yourself in doing. It isn't how much you give—it's how and what you give. And maybe a friendly visit is more important than a box of groceries. Or maybe some flowers delivered in person are more apt to overcome discouragement than the prescription the doctor ordered.

I do not believe in lending money to a friend. I believe in the old adage, that the best way to lose a friend is to lend that friend money. If a friend is in need, give her all you've got if necessary, but never, never lend. You can generally get more money but you can't replace a friend.

I believe in the warmth and richness of the troupers' creed. Show business isn't what it used to be. Kids coming along in the theater or pictures today just don't have the chance to grasp the spirit or depth of feeling which was part and parcel of the business. The trouper's creed! It isn't something you commit to memory. Almost its only articulate expression was "The show must go on." The rest of it you sort of get in your heart from the heart of a fellow trouper. But it means courage and determination, sportsmanship, appreciation. It means kindness and understanding. It means being *there* when a pal's in need.

Pat O'Brien and Spencer Tracy lived by it in New York when they shared one good shirt between them. When one got a call for a job, he put on the good shirt and wore it. When the other got the call, he ironed the good shirt and off he went. If both got calls they tossed a coin. Some call it the Golden Rule. Navy men say it's being "shipmates."

Nowadays people call sentiment "corn." So maybe this is "corn." So I like corn! Call it what you like. You'll never get beyond its truth. Principle is indestructible. The good instincts are effective today whether you call their principles the Troupers' Creed, Brotherly Love, the Golden Rule or phrase the whole



thing in a "Mairzy Doats" language.

I believe that you'll never be young again. And who wants to go backward? Take each day and get as much as you can out of it so you can grow into the graciousness that can come only if you don't fight the passing of time. I believe more women age themselves by resisting time than they could ever be aged by time. Golly, they literally wear themselves out staying young! Every age has its appeal and its compensations.

No woman today is alone. Today the majority of us are sharing with millions of others. All over the land are the same quiet homes, missing their men. A woman can't be alone today unless she wills herself to be. We are all part of a pattern. A giant war-necessity pattern.

Anyone who seeks constant happiness seeks the unobtainable. A friend of mine once said, "Happiness is merely the cessation of pain." Perhaps that is a pessimistic way of phrasing it, but I think myself that happiness is not the book, the page, or even the paragraph. It is the exclamation point. It is the perfume, the dessert, the bright trimming. It is the reward and not the experience. The moments of happiness are not like pebbles on the beach; they are as rare as emeralds, as bright and flashing as diamonds. Happiness is the most ephemeral of emotions—but it is the brilliance that points up living. I cherish my happy memories and hopes, as though they were jewels.

There was a time when I used to ask myself, "I have so much; so many blessings. Why can't I be happy all the time?" Then I came to see that I was asking too much. When I began to think of my happy moments, behind each bit of happiness, there was a background of unhappiness. Someone very wise once said that happiness and sorrow are inseparable; that you cannot feel the one emotion without the other lurking in your heart, as a sort of measuring rod. For you cannot understand one without the other.

I believe it is not necessary that the people you love, love you in return. Sometimes a woman complains bitterly because she has loved some man deeply, and feels that he proved unworthy. Perhaps he was. But his was the real loss, not hers. Regardless of whether you are loved or not, if you love, you possess richness. Loving is an inspiration. Being loved the benediction.

I do not believe in being content. For content is the end of trying—a sort of peace without victory. When you get to the place where you don't think tomorrow is going to be better than today, you are through being alive, no matter how many years you actually live. For you lose the source of strength and courage when you lose expectancy.

I believe I am a rich woman. For I have all those things which I have prayed and worked for. And I know that I have to keep hard at work and faithful with prayers to keep this richness. If my house burned down and all my material possessions were melted into its ashes, I would not feel deprived. As long as I can go on believing—all these things I do believe.

*In wartime as in peace*

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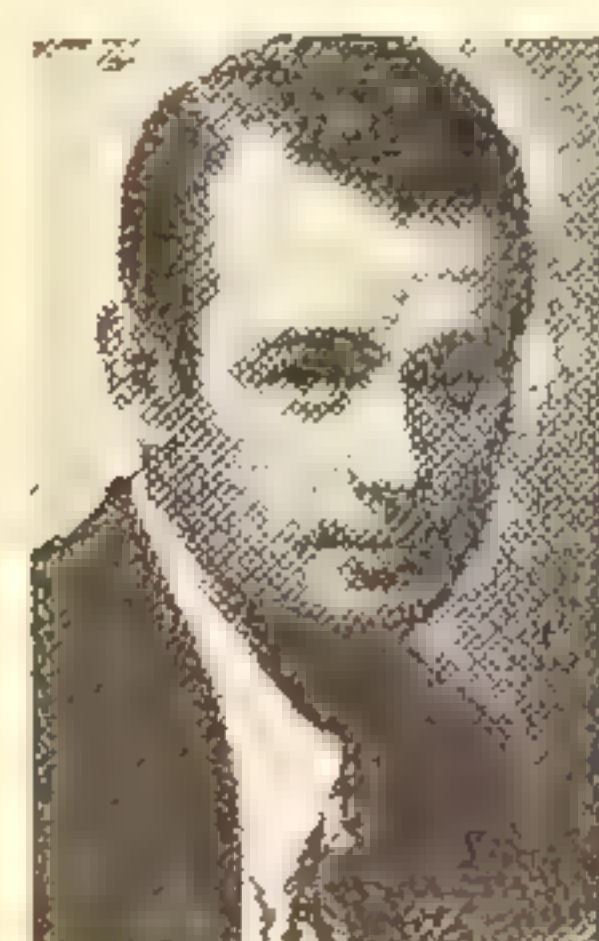
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## "Mrs. Thin Man" Comes Home

Continued from page 45

"Welcome Home" were on every side. Her portable dressing room, all newly decorated, was deposited outside the gallery door for a preview. But Myrna, that one! She walked in the wrong door!

Then on the set the next day her friend and secretary, Dorothy Fields, newly from New York and unfamiliar with studios, opened one of the prop doors and walked into a scene, a major error she hasn't lived down yet, with Myrna her chief heckler.

In fact, with Myrna's return, everything started happening. Quick, Watson, a psychiatrist, was the reaction to anyone who happened to wander in on the set of "The Thin Man Goes Home" practically any time.

One particular day William Powell, notwithstanding his reputation as the screen's ace detective, was trying to locate a misplaced collar button, to no avail. Myrna was engrossed in a jitterbug lesson from her maid, Theresa Penn, Central Avenue champion. Eddie Brophy in a far corner was muttering, with gestures, greeting card sentiments apropos of Mother's Day, for the next scene. Asta, the wirehair, was sniffing around trying to locate the delightful odor of frying hamburger. At least, that's what we hope he was sniffing for. Camera-man Karl Freund was lining up on a supposedly murdered body stretched across the floor. And Director Richard Thorpe? He was the body! I mean, it's things like that!

Then there was the day the cast and crew tried their hand at this thing called modern art. With an art store as the setting, and plenty of supplies on hand, the results were frightening, but not too much so to keep them from being displayed on the walls of the shop for the scene. You'll see them in the picture, too, little realizing the prominence of their creators.

Powell gave up trying to decipher the meaning of the canvases when one by Miss Loy, which he titled, "Subtle Study in Cheese and Crackers," turned out to be a portrait of himself. Noticeably bad form, as you can see, for a super-sleuth.

Bill is bland about it all. "As far as this detecting business is concerned," says he, "I'm sunk without a script. I can be pretty smart when all that is required is to turn the page of dialogue and find the answer to a puzzling situation. But in private life I can't even locate a collar-button when I drop it."

"Don't you worry," soothes Myrna. "Off-screen detecting is not for me, either. As far as feminine intuition is concerned, it has either been over-rated or I was somewhere else when they parcellled it out."

But one thing that IS as true of Myrna and Bill as it is of Nick and Nora is their sense of humor. That's what completely captivates Leo. In a war-torn world, they can still laugh at themselves.

But it isn't all laughter. Because Myrna cried when she saw her dressing room

all newly decorated in her favorite shades of periwinkle blue and violet, with fresh flowers to match. And she was very deeply touched when Tony, the gardener, brought her an offering of little cacti which he planted for her.

Neither has Myrna been just chorling with glee these three years she has been off the screen. For the thing that has kept her away is one of the greatest jobs that has ever been done during these trying times.

When Myrna married John Hertz, Jr., and went to New York to live, she didn't intend to retire from the screen. "That was a rumor that got started and grew like a snowball," she says. But Myrna ran smack into a big project, bigger than careers or Hollywood. And it is a project she has no intention of letting die. Myrna looks seriously toward the future, for she is vitally interested in Red Cross work, not only for now, but for later, when the flagwaving has let down a bit.

In New York Myrna discovered that although entertainment for the morale of men was being offered to those who could attend in recreation halls, the men in beds—who needed such heart-lifting even more—were neglected. Working in conjunction with the Red Cross, Myrna started what became known as the United Theatrical War Activities Committee. She consulted with doctors, psychiatrists, patients, to find what type of entertainment would be best from a medical standpoint. She acted as sort of a liaison between the professional world of talent and the Red Cross. For a long while the Red Cross has been in charge of manual therapy, helping disabled men to become interested in learning crafts. All this work is valuable in rehabilitation, but Myrna found the boys were greatly interested in entertainment also. They love comedians—Jack Benny, Bob Hope. They love James Melton.

Myrna found out what type of entertainment was tabu: no routines that are too noisy; no songs that are too nostalgic or dreary. She organized the entertainment so that a definite schedule was set up and the boys could depend on certain days. The talent tryouts were tremendous. Remembering tabus, refusing sincere talent on certain grounds, getting not only the best for bed-ridden boys but the most helpful kind of entertainment, required a mistress of diplomacy. But so well organized in the East is this committee now that Myrna has dreams of setting up similar organizations all over the country.

"The thing I want to do now," says Myrna, who is returning to her war work in New York immediately upon completion of "The Thin Man Goes Home," "is to plan for when the war is over. To make sure that entertainment, hospital tours, this morale-lifting will go on when the bands have stopped playing. People are in a fervor of patriotism now. But later, I don't want the boys who are the gallant casualties of today to be forgotten."



The forgotten man! Many entertainers have spoken about the white-haired veterans of World War I, who—in wheel chairs, still suffering—see none of the shows, see troupe after troupe pull up only in front of wards filled with young faces. Stumbling into such a Veterans' Ward once, an entertainer was asked, "Wrong Ward?" "Wrong war," she answered. The years are long when the flags stop waving, and Myrna is determined to keep entertainment going for rehabilitation long after peace has come.

But this doesn't mean she goes around with a long face. Laughter and a sense of humor are part of Myrna. She doesn't wear her heart on her sleeve or discuss her personal problems with even her most intimate friends. However, these friends know that when she returns from Mexico City, she will be Mrs. John Hertz, Jr., no longer. Myrna isn't one to mope and cry, to go around wearing the mask of tragedy.

For instance, right now—instead of being annoyed—she gets a kick out of strangers who invade her gardens. When Myrna returned to Hollywood, she rented a home whose huge living room window faces on the Bel Air Golf Course.

"Life on the edge of a golf course," laughs Myrna, "is quite a show. Since there is no fence to separate the course from my gardens, I am continually looking out the window to see huge men sheepishly skulking around my back yard in search of their precious golf balls. Saturday was quite a day. Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery, Bing Crosby were only a few of my famous trespassers. I told Clark I was going to set up a lemonade stand. I could do quite a business!"

As for Myrna's career, she's going to stick to light comedy. She feels there is a need for it right now. She looks wonderful, her hair its lovely natural red-gold, her mouth with humor in it, her tip-tilted nose that started a trend in Hollywood for cute, little noses. And she doesn't mind being "Mrs. Thin Man." She loves it. As for being typed, she'd like to do a few other things so people would remember she's Myrna Loy sometimes, too.

She told of an incident which amused her heartily, and proved her point as well. Before she rented her house, she stayed at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Walking through the lobby, she was the focal point for all eyes.

Suddenly she was conscious of a stage whisper to her right where an elderly couple, a man and woman, obviously "visiting" Hollywood, were seated.

"Look quick," said the little old lady, "There goes the 'Thin Man's' wife!"

Yep, there she goes, folks! New York-bound after her Command Performance in Hollywood. But she'll be back. As a matter of fact, she'll be making two or three pictures a year—if she can sandwich them in between her war work.

Now, Leo, stop sulking! Next time isn't so far away, and then think of all the fun there'll be. Meanwhile, remember all the laughter those boys of hers will know.

Why, Leo, you old softie! I always KNEW you could purr, if you had something to purr for. Don't tell me Myrna brings out the catnip in you!



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# Bold, Bad, (Bluffing) Cregar

Continued from page 33

offending nine. Individuals are tolerable, he says; mobs are impossible. Thus, he has no use for unfortunates in groups of more than three at a time.

Not long ago he upstaged a syndicated columnist on the set of a picture in which he is starring because the columnist ignored him on another set, two years ago, in which he was only featured. He asked for his release from Twentieth Century-Fox during the filming of "The Black Swan" because they kept him waiting two days, fully costumed in corsets and shoulder curls, after sending out a rush call for him. He spiels satirical versions of the holy Academy Award dinners, mimics the winners mercilessly, and dismisses even his chosen dining companions as the "dullest people imaginable."

He wallows in distemper. He refused to eat at the studio commissary for six months because the management accused him of hogging two cups of coffee during rationing. Cregar was indignant enough to spill the extra coffee—a gift from a nearby abstainer—surge past three weeping, head-shaking waitresses, one hysterical hostess, and the irate manager-in-chief, and eat at the Beverly Brown Derby regularly until the commissary manager made a formal apology. At the insistence of Mr. Cregar's assembled directors who could no longer afford to wait production while Laird ate in angry splendor down the street. They're still fighting it out, however, with Laird—forty minutes late for shooting last week—because the commissary hostess "forgot" to inform him—on the temporary receiving end.

In an unexpected surge of filial love recently, Cregar imported his mother, plus his aunt and two brothers, to come live with him in a house in Santa Monica he couldn't afford anyway. Three days later Laird clashed with Mom (a decisive character named Bess), moved out, checked off the experiment as "costly and unwise," and found a one-man house in the middle of a lemon grove where he and his notable hulk have to crawl in sideways. With five miles of good beach land between them, Laird is a good son again, editing Mother Cregar's autobiography a chapter at a time, and contributing notably to her support. So notably, that when he wanted to buy a house of his own he found only six thousand dollars left in his bank account, although he collects \$2,000 a week regularly from his grumbling bosses.

Cregar is in Hollywood through a Rotary Club fluke which financed his trip out from Philadelphia and set him up to a course of lessons in acting at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Cregar, not in training to be indebted to a Rotarian, has paid back every cent. "I was planning to be the writing white hope of the theater, not the acting gray hope of the screen," he counters, trying to talk away his Rotary backing, and the spirit of brotherhood, in general.

Cregar was big and jolly and kind at Pasadena, and came out of the two-year

course marked as the Second Most Likely to Succeed, following a romantic juvenile, at 165 pounds, who came out first. Right after graduation Cregar ran out of money so he moved into the back seat of a parked sedan and spent his nights sleeping pretzel style. Mornings he toured the Hollywood casting offices and came away with the impression that he was a "grotesque type." "Too big, too fat, too young, too old—too fresh!"

Oh? Cregar forthwith decided he'd have to swing a part for himself if he was serious about keeping his bulk at its usual flabby mark. He scooped up the coast rights of the play "Oscar Wilde," found an ice-cream manufacturer with a yen for the theater to put up the money, a jobless Mack Sennett man to direct, and the trio went right out to make history on Hollywood Boulevard. "I was magnificent," Cregar says, soberly. The ice-cream man has long since gone back to Iowa, and the dairy business, and the Mack Sennett man is still looking around for a job.

Cregar was so good as "Oscar Wilde" that the studios which had previously dismissed him as "grotesque" now submitted so many offers that Sammy could say no to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with Tracy, Beery, and Arnold to buck; no to Warners, with Sidney Greenstreet, Alan Hale, Huston, and Claude Rains around before actually signing with Twentieth Century-Fox, top-heavy with musical comedy favorites.

Right after Cregar finished one of his fat character parts, something he describes more accurately as "shmaltzy," in "Ten Gentlemen From West Point," he turned his eyes to the stage again, foaming over the possibilities of playing the starring rôle in a West Coast version of "The Man Who Came To Dinner." A few days of mulling over the growling *Sheridan Whiteside* and Cregar was ready to open up shop on Hollywood Boulevard again, with or without the dairy industry behind him. A month later he was playing to overflow business.

With the theater-going West Coast clutching him to its rock-bound bosom, Cregar watched from his prop wheel chair, noted well, then sped out to Burbank between the Wednesday matinée and evening performances to insist upon playing the *Whiteside* rôle in the film Warners was going to make of the play. He was laughed off the lot and re-sentenced to his Delineations-in-Technicolor, back at Fox. "Now MGM is making 'The Picture Of Dorian Grey,' and they tested everyone in sight for the Oscar Wilde part. Do you think they even asked to test me for it?" Cregar fumes illustratively. "No!"

Cregar is one hundred pounds lighter now than he was either as Wilde or *Whiteside*—result of a bird-like diet, thyroid shots, and six weeks of lying flat on his back in a hospital. His new waistline mellowed his life for a short while. Right after the pounds oozed off he played an understanding devil in "Heaven



Can Wait," pronounced, moon-eyed, that he had fallen in love with Dorothy McGuire, courted her with boxes of lilies and pails of fruit, and was reasonably happy on seven hundred calories a day. Then they cast him as *Jack the Ripper* in a picturization of "The Lodger," buried his snappy new figure under a spreading false blond moustache, and Dorothy McGuire married another man. Cregar gave vent to his grief in a mashed-potato binge. He ate mountains of the stuff, his hips began to sag familiarly, and he was gorging down three and four pieces of cheesecake for dessert again. Now he's out of the hospital again after being shot with thyroid, and fiddling around with lettuce leaves and cottage cheese.

Cregar's originally a dandy from Pennsylvania Scotch stock, right off Philadelphia's Main Line. The first few years of life he lived quietly in the valley of the giants—brother to five other oversize heavyweights, and son to a cricket champ hitting the six-feet, four-inch mark, and weighing well into the two hundreds somewhere. 'Shorty' Cregar was Laird's youngest brother who could stretch himself to no more than six-feet, one-and-one-half inches.

With the death of his father, and the dissolving of the family fortune, Laird, after a childhood of private schools, a year at England's Winchester Academy, and another year at Philadelphia's Episcopal Academy, had to go to work.

Pride, however, never interfered with the eating habits to which mother had accustomed him. With the topsy-turvy in their living arrangements, Cregar took a day job selling books at Gimbel's department store, and doubled in brass (knuckles) at night, working as a bouncer in a movie house.

Cregar used to sit down to seven-course dinners, eat well and hearty, wipe his contented mouth, then order the whole works all over again. Now he keeps his mind off food by taking piano lessons, singing lessons, by writing ballads, and musical comedies with ghoulish undertones.

But he still needs another five years to turn into the full-scale Hollywood churl he's grooming himself to be. To date, he can't quite have old ladies fired when they steal his best scenes, nor poison his leading lady's pet chow when it walks all over his dressing room rug, nor make for New York in a steaming rage because he's mad at his studio. To begin with, he'd have to reckon with Mother Bess if he took to beating old women; secondly, he's still young enough to fall in love with all his leading ladies; and thirdly, he can't zoom away to New York when temper dictates, because he can't afford it yet.

Even in handling the autograph situation, he has much to learn. He roars "no" as soon as he's asked for his signature but it doesn't carry the firm ring of finality or the sting of fire-breathing venom. It won't, either, as long as he follows up his booming "no's" by biting his lip (for being weak), reaching for pad and pencil, scrawling his name in his very best script, and hoping the kids aren't trading three Laird Cregar for one Frank Sinatra!

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## Bracken Breaks The Rules!

Continued from page 41

through speaking funny lines of dialog.

"What I want are rôles that combine pathos and comedy. I'd like the audience to believe in me as a person. I want to feel that every time I get into trouble in a picture, the audience will have an urge to come up on the screen and help me. I'd like them to feel that I'm a nice guy, a regular guy, and I think they did feel that in the two Sturges films.

"I'm going to do all in my power to preserve that warm audience-feeling, and I believe the only way to make that possible is to have more to say on the production end of my pictures."

Even if he had the inclination to bounce around with Hollywood's bobbysocks set, Eddie wouldn't have the time. After his big hit in "Miracle," Paramount rushed him into leading rôles in "Hail The Conquering Hero," "Rainbow Island," "Bring On The Girls," and "Out Of This World." In the latter, Eddie took his first step toward becoming a producer by contributing an important gag idea. He plays a Frank Sinatra type of rôle in the film and his suggestion that Bing Crosby's voice be used for the numbers was gleefully accepted by Paramount.

Also, by the time this appears, Eddie expects to be a father again and that will take up even more of his time. Eddie's wife is the former Connie Nickerson, George Abbott ingénue who played on the road with him in "What A Life!"

"There's something wonderful about the way I met her," he said. "The first time I ever saw her was on the stage in a company of 'Brother Rat.' She was playing the part of *Clare* and I thought she was very good and went backstage to tell her so. She just thanked me and walked away. She didn't make a very good impression.

"Then when we were both chosen for 'What A Life!' I met her again at the first rehearsal. She's a very cute girl, pug-nosed and sweet, and I found I was crazy about her. During the run I tried my damndest to get her to marry me. Finally I won her over and we were married a year later at the Little Church Around The Corner.

"That was three days before the opening of 'Too Many Girls' which was the kicker that brought me to Hollywood. If it had been a flop, we would have been living in tenement houses. Luckily, as it turned out, it was a hit."

The Brackens already have one daughter, Judith Ann, who is now two years old (she was named after Judith Abbott, the daughter of Eddie's favorite stage producer). I asked Eddie if his wife wasn't anxious to continue her acting career after their marriage and he shook his head blissfully.

"She's not interested," he said. "When we first went to Hollywood, she received fabulous offers to appear in big productions. They wanted her for 'King's Row' and 'The Constant Nymph,' to name only two. Then recently Preston Sturges was after her to play opposite me in 'Hail The Conquering Hero.' But she turned them all down because she

decided when we were married to make that her career. That was pretty damn nice of her and don't think I'm not appreciative. I guess she feels that we're one and that when I'm acting, she is too."

"We started living very immoderately," he said. "We had a big house in Beverly Hills with a swimming pool and all the works. We were in that for a year and it was a good thing, I guess, to have done it and gotten it over with. I wanted it because that had always been my dream of how a Hollywood star should live. But I soon got tired of that sort of life. I love my wife and I wanted to see her occasionally. The place was so big, half the time I couldn't even find her!"

The next year Eddie came down to earth and bought a small \$9,000 house on the south side of Wilshire Boulevard, which he described as being "on the wrong side of the tracks." He's lived there for almost four years now and enjoyed it tremendously because he could always go out into the street to play ball with the neighboring kids without being hounded by sightseers. Connie is very much interested in keeping her own home; the Brackens have no regular nurse or maid, hiring a cleaning woman who comes in for the heavy work three times a week.

"My wife doesn't believe in bringing up a child with a nurse, except for the first month or so," Eddie said. "She wants the fun of doing it all by herself. And she's certainly handy around the house. She's an excellent cook. Her roast chicken is out of this world. All her roasts are excellent. Her cakes are delicious, especially her angel food cake. She seems to have a great knack for anything that comes out of the oven."

With the expected addition to the family, Eddie recently sold his house and bought a larger one in Brentwood, which, he explains ruefully, is on the right side of the tracks. The new house has four bedrooms and an acre and a half of land, with orange, lemon, plum and avocado trees all over the place. Directly across the street from him lives Gary Cooper; and Tyrone Power, Deanna Durbin, Keenan Wynn, Anne Shirley, Nelson Eddy, Van Johnson and the Andrews Sisters are near neighbors.

Eddie explained that these were all acquaintances but that he had no close friends among actors. "I seldom go out with people in the business because I don't want my conversation limited," he said. "When I was on Broadway, I went out mostly with professionals because I didn't care much about learning things in those days."

Now, the only close friend of his connected with pictures is Martin Jurow, his former agent and manager who is now an executive at Warner Brothers. His other intimate friends are Mr. and Mrs. William Procter of the soap manufacturing family and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Gordon. Mr. Gordon is in the winery business and Mrs. Gordon is an interior decorator.



When Eddie is not working, he plays golf or reads books. He is passionately interested in religious books, his latest adventures in that field having been "The Apostle," a life of St. Paul, and "Joseph, the Provider." Somehow or other, he hasn't yet got around to reading "The Robe," although he is anxious to tackle it.

The Brackens don't go to parties or dances. They never even go to the theater in Los Angeles, which is surprising for two former legitimate stage actors. As Eddie explains it, "Somehow or other, Broadway seems to be the only place to go to see plays. I'd rather travel 3,000 miles to see one than 30 miles or so into Los Angeles. I don't know why, but it seems more exciting in New York." They do go to the movies a great deal, though.

Usually the couples they are intimate with get together at one another's houses on Saturday nights for a stiff game of pennyante poker. For variety they also play hearts and chinese checkers. These Saturday night gatherings are the Brackens' chief form of diversion.

Eddie is very much the serious-minded young family man. Away from the camera, he is no longer the "exuberant youth," fresh and jocular, as someone referred to him early in his career. Gone are the novice days in Hollywood when, along with other movie youngsters, he used to play practical jokes on and off the set. He recalled wistfully the high jinks during the making of "The Fleet's In," which was Betty Hutton's introduction to pictures. On her first day in the studio, Eddie sent her to president Frank Freeman's office to get the key to the camera. An old gag but it worked, and no one enjoyed it more than slap-happy Betty when she discovered she'd been victimized. That started everyone sending her everywhere for everything.

Eddie is too serious-minded now to play practical jokes. "I don't think they're too funny any more," he said. "I found that they were selfish and that they only entertained the guy that's doing them."

His family and his career take up all his time and thoughts. However, in spite of himself, he can't quite settle down completely to being a staid codger. On his recent trip to New York, he was put on at the Paramount Theater for one day of personal appearances in conjunction with the run of "Hail The Conquering Hero." He was scheduled to play four shows with an act that was to last ten minutes. He stuck to his set routine for his first show, but by the time the last show came around he was forced to remain on stage for forty minutes and received twenty-seven curtain calls.

Later on, he made an appearance at the Harvest Moon Ball in Madison Square Garden and the crowd broke out into cheers. Eddie was as thrilled as any hep youngster would be in the circumstances.

"In Hollywood," he said, "you wonder just how important are you? But when you come to New York and get the kind of reception I got, you realize your good work is appreciated. And gee, you certainly appreciate that!"

**"O Rarely Soft,\***  
the touches of her hands,  
**As drowsy zephyrs in enchanted lands"**

—"Love Lyrics," James Whitcomb Riley



**\* Are your hands**  
**"O Rarely Soft," or**  
**Really Rough**  
**as a January Nor'easter?**



*Don't let Winter make your hands look OLD*

**D**ROWSY zephyrs," did you say, Sir Poet? Wake up!—Mr. Riley—this is January. And a brutally workaday world. Don't you think there should be a footnote to your lovely lyric to lovely hands? Something like..."If you want 'em, use Pacquins—quick!"

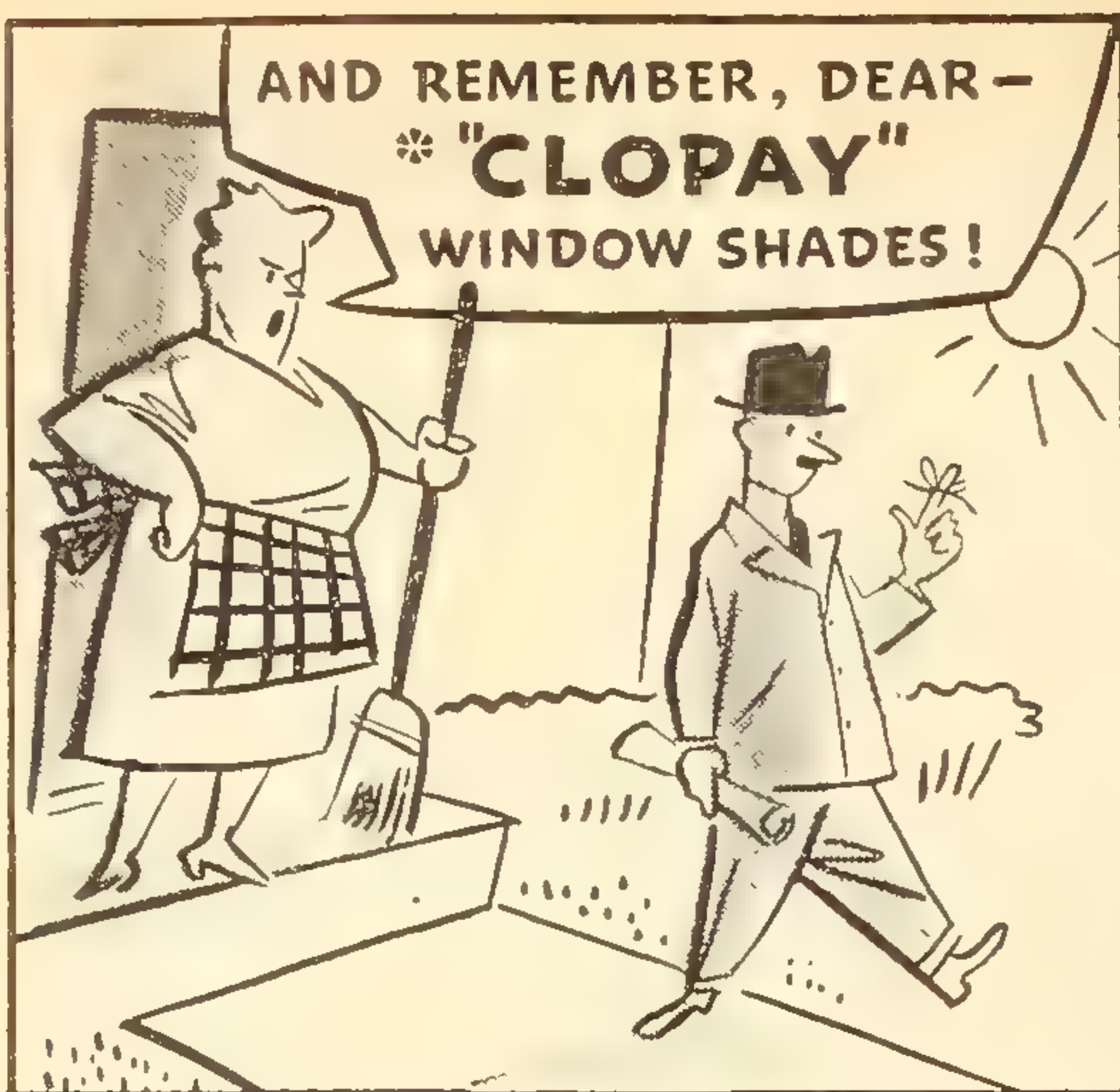
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## Fashions For You

Continued from page 51

est of eyes for possibilities in fabrics, in "different" accessories—in all those things that represent great chic at little price.

In the days before Ruth came to Hollywood via the Broadway stage—she spent some time in Orson Welles Mercury Theater in New York—she was one of the country's highest paid models, commuting to Paris and London for prestige publications such as *Harper's Bazaar*. That is where she learned to harvest ideas that paid high fashion dividends, but didn't put too much of a dent in the budget. She has kept it up ever since, contending that originality can't have a price tag put on it; if a fabric intrigues her that is expensive, she'll buy it with a sigh—but her real delight, and a lot of her wardrobe successes, come from "discoveries" on the bargain counter that can be snagged for a song.

One of her most successful short evening dresses is made from a challis that cost \$1.25 a yard on a sale counter. The

border-printed floral pattern would have suggested a dirndl to the average woman. Style-wise Ruth envisioned a gown in which the material appeared to have been draped and wrapped, a combination at once sophisticated and exotic, and so she purchased and forthwith trotted off to her dressmaker, who by now understands the various effects she wants.

Antique shops have yielded some of her choicest and most effective wardrobe treasures. A pair of fabulous stockings that once belonged to the famous Julian Eltinge, a necklace and earrings of paste from the same source, are means in which she highlights a number of formal items in her wardrobe. While these were not had "for a song," they will reappear from time to time for years to come. On the other hand, the investment of exactly two dollars brought chic to an evening ensemble in the form of two delicate and glittering ornaments picked up in Chinatown. These she wears in her hair, with a nose veil for final accent.

## Fans' Forum

Continued from page 17

Granting the fact that she played her part superbly, I had the feeling that she was masquerading throughout the film. Her hair was too blonde and too perfectly arranged. It didn't match her personality. It gave the effect of artificiality. Then too, she showed as much emotion as a mummy. It was apparent to the audience from the very first that she didn't feel too strongly about *Walter*, her partner in crime, played by Fred MacMurray. What a cheap degrading rôle for an established actress to play!

As for Fred MacMurray: Imagine feeling sympathy for a cold-blooded murderer. And this was the exact feeling that the picture so cleverly imparted. For instance, when their car wouldn't start after they planted her husband's body on the tracks, you held your breath just as they did and heaved a sigh of relief when they finally were on their way. Or when *Phyllis* was almost seen visiting *Walter* at his apartment by *Keith*, who, incidentally, was excellently portrayed by Edward G. Robinson, you literally sat on the edge of your seat and bit your fingernails until he was safely out of sight in the elevator.

There you are! Unconsciously plugging for a couple of deliberate murderers. Rooting for them all the way through. An unfaithful wife with murder on her mind, and an insurance salesman with trim ankles and curves on his, not to mention their common goal—money!

And yet when the show reaches its climax and you see them get their just deserts, you feel sorry for them. Especially for Fred MacMurray. Why? Because a writer, producer, director and two of our finest actors blended their

talents to present this sordid mess to the American public.

MRS. ROGER TREMBLAY,  
Aldenville, Mass.

When I heard the title, "Mr. Winkle Goes To War," I wasn't much impressed. When I heard that Edward G. Robinson was playing in the picture I decided I would see it. I am glad I did. I never miss seeing him if I can help it, but of all the rôles I have seen him play, I thought that this was his best. It fitted him like a glove, just as all his rôles seem to, but it takes him to bring out the real meaning of the picture.

It was the kind of a picture that I feel safe in saying PTA's would be glad to approve of. I am very careful what I let my children see, and I let them see that one. I wish we could have more of that type so that we mothers could feel when we send our children to the movies they will see something that will build for the future. Scripture says: A little child shall lead them. How well it was depicted in that picture. Even the children spoke of the fact that it was the little boy that opened the woman's eyes. The home life was so typical, and after all I think that is what you might call reaching the people. It touches the heart-strings and brings a response that can work for the good of the home. I hear pictures blamed for many things, but if we could have more of this type, I'm sure that those who condemn movies could be won over. And when you give us this type of picture give us Edward G. Robinson playing the leading rôle.

ESTELLA T. IRWIN,  
South Gate, Calif.



## You Can't Do That, Bob Walker

Continued from page 24

I wanted to know if you had been terribly in love when you were seventeen or so and you had never, never forgotten, and even now when you heard the "Free Ittie Fitties," it DID something to you, deep inside, you know.

It doesn't improve matters, either, by going on to state that between five and ten you had so many girls you couldn't keep track of them. It might give people the mistaken idea that the same is true today, and that's not good publicity, not unless it hits Louella O. Parson's column with the little girls a bit older than five or ten.

But it's no use changing you now, Mr. Walker, what with "See Here, Private Hargrove" under your belt, and "Since You Went Away" and "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." You can't argue with success. Only I wish I'd been around when you were growing up, so completely natural and on-the-level; and I'd like to be around twenty years from now when interviews will be old, old stuff, and see, if by some miracle, you were able to hang on to that wonderful forthrightness and honesty and modesty in this star-studded city of fable and legend.

Just how did you grow up, Robert Walker? What route did you take to Hollywood?

When Robert Walker was fourteen, he felt—in common with all normal adolescents—that he wasn't understood. He just wasn't *understood*! He was always wanting to run away and be his own boss and snap his fingers at discipline.

"Right now," admits Bob reflectively, "when I remember how stubborn I was, how certain my parents didn't understand me, it scares me a little. You see, I have two boys myself—Michael and Bobbie, Jr.,—and I wonder how I'll ever get it across to them, how I'll ever put it into words when *they're* fourteen that I DO understand them. Because my parents are wonderful people, really, and they *did* understand me—only the connection was lost somewhere along the line, and they couldn't get it across to me how they felt.

"Fortunately, I had an aunt, a wonderful down-to-earth person, who volunteered to send me away to school, and although I didn't like discipline, it's life for you that I should wind up at the San Diego Army and Navy Academy, where discipline IS discipline!

"I was at the so-called 'awkward' age, and although I'd always thought girls were definitely worth my while, I got to that gruesome stage where all little girls had bands on their teeth and giggled all the time. I went through a period when I thought liking girls was kind of sissy, and carrying their books home from school a sure sign of weakness in the head!

"But man cannot live by bread alone. With thirteen-year-old glamor girls off my list, I immediately became conscious of the most beautiful woman in the



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world—Mrs. Virginia Atkinson, my dra-  
matics teacher.

"I had been at the military academy  
about a year, and hating every part of  
it, when one day Mrs. Atkinson asked  
me to read. She was a kind and won-  
derful woman, and she must have been  
a really fine psychologist, too, because  
she got me so interested in dramatics I  
forgot how much I hated discipline. For  
the first time in my life, my future came  
into focus. From that day to this one,  
I have had just one ambition—to be a  
good actor. What would have happened  
if she hadn't seen something in me other  
people did not, what would have hap-  
pened if I hadn't taken that first course  
in drama, I don't know. I think that  
perhaps my whole life might have been  
changed. Of course, it helped that I  
thought she was the loveliest woman in  
the whole world!

"When anyone asks what my first  
'break' was, I always say, 'Meeting Mrs.  
Atkinson.' I've always kept in touch  
with her, and I hope some day she'll  
be proud of me."

I hope SOMEDAY! Well, here we go  
again! No doubt Mrs. Atkinson is very  
proud of her star pupil today, but—when  
it comes to talking about himself—  
Robert Walker is past-master of the art  
of understatement.

After the San Diego Army and Navy  
Academy, Bob's aunt, Mrs. Hortense  
Odlum (and Mrs. Odlum is to depart-  
ment stores what the Vanderbilts are to  
society) sent him on to the American  
Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York.  
And there Bob met Jennifer Jones.

They fell in love and were married,  
as the story books say. Then they had  
a period when the going was tough. They  
were trying to crack the New York  
stage. They lived in a sixteen-dollar-a-  
month room in the rear of a tenement.  
But they were young, very young, and  
it didn't matter much that they were  
two against the world. They were de-  
liriously happy, because in spite of  
heartaches and setbacks, there was joy  
in their home—Michael and Robert, Jr.

One day luck brushed them with radio  
rôles for Bob, and the grim waiting for  
a break, the waiting so curiously sunshot  
with happiness, was over. The time came  
when both were Hollywood bound.

Bob met Jennifer at the Academy of  
Dramatic Arts, and when he was ques-  
tioned about his first real love affair, he  
said, "Can we say that it wasn't until I  
went to New York to study drama that  
I fell in love? And then can we just say,  
'period'?"

Because neither Bob nor Jennifer will  
speak of their break-up which followed  
on the heels of Jennifer's triumph as  
"Bernadette." This, too, is not tradi-  
tional Hollywood pattern. No gossip  
columnist got a scoop; no intimate  
secrets were bared; no breakfast table  
gossip was furnished. Bob and Jennifer  
were guilty of stark good taste.

Today, Bob is going through a change.  
Where before he was shy, a home man,  
a family man, today he is more social. If  
someone happens along at studio closing  
time and says, "Why don't you drop in  
at the house for awhile?", Bob drops in.  
And he spends an evening with them.  
When he leaves, he has made more

friends. Making friends is a never-end-  
ing "lift" for him. He used to feel, with  
typical Bob Walker modesty, "Gosh,  
why would they want to talk with me?"  
Now, often, he is the one to take the  
first step, make the first advance. He  
is less shy, more sure of himself. It has  
come as a pleasant surprise that any  
number of people are very eager to be  
friends. He hasn't yet adapted that pro-  
tective shell, Hollywood's famous tech-  
nique of "Don't be too nice, or they  
might want something!"

Also, he's not as inarticulate as he  
used to be. Once on the subject of some-  
thing in which he is interested, he goes  
all-out. Take Tay Garnett. "He's a  
swell person," says Bob, and then goes  
on from there for hours. Or Robert  
Taylor. Let's talk about Robert Taylor.

"I had my first real picture break in  
'Bataan,' as the young sailor. Robert  
Taylor was the star, of course, and I was  
just a punk kid. But he was wonderful  
to me—always giving me tips, telling  
me about things that would help me.  
The night of the preview, he came by in  
his car and took me to the preview him-  
self. Imagine that! A top star like Rob-  
ert Taylor! After the preview, on the  
way home, he said he thought I had a  
great future. It was typical of his won-  
derful generosity that he didn't keep his  
opinion to himself. Right after my first  
preview, feeling kind of shaky, his words  
were heart-warming—an assurance I  
badly needed.

"Without a doubt he's the most be-  
loved guy on the lot. Those who know  
say he's never changed since the first  
day he came here. He's never too busy  
nor too important to see people, to help  
them. He doesn't have a big-shot com-  
plex. If success ever really came to me,  
I'd feel very proud if I could wear it as  
well as does Robert Taylor.

"What kind of a person am I? I'm a  
mixture, I guess. For instance, although  
I like to go dancing with someone like  
Judy Garland—who is a very good friend  
—that doesn't mean I'm the night club  
type. In fact, in contrast, I love the  
country. Someday I'd like a farm in  
Connecticut. When I'm out in the open  
where there are trees and water, I find  
peace and contentment. Then, too, I  
read an awful lot. I like things like  
'Portrait of Jenny'; I like Thomas Mann.  
Sometimes I like to be alone, and some-  
times I like to be with crowds. I like  
to sit around with people and get into  
stimulating discussions. Like most nor-  
mal folks, I thrive on a balanced diet—  
two parts quiet to one part excitement.

"As for my future in movies, I just  
want to do a good job. Years later, I'd  
like to direct. I liked directing and pro-  
ducing very much when I took a fling  
at it in the Cherry Lane Theater in  
Greenwich Village. I've had a variety  
of rôles since I came to Hollywood, and  
I'm glad. I don't want to be typed, and  
no less a personage than Mr. Louis B.  
Mayer, himself, promised me I wouldn't  
be. His word is gold in the bank.

"I think I've been lucky. Tremendous-  
ly lucky. I remember when I left the  
Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York  
and went to sea. I thought it was ad-  
venturous and romantic, and perhaps I-  
always would have, if I hadn't tried it



out. It was luck that made me get on a boat and get it out of my system, or today I might still have had a hidden hankering for the 'wind and the rain and the sea.' In Hollywood, it's been the same way. Most comedians burn to do 'Hamlet'; most great dramatic actors long for a fling at comedy. But I've been lucky in having a crack at both types. Not that I want it just to be a matter of luck, however. I want to work hard, to give everything I've got, to keep right on trying for perfection, until—someday, later—I can do something of which I am genuinely and sincerely proud."

Just then a man came to the table. "It's all set for that radio show, Bob," he said. "You have a swell part, and when you can, come up and look over the script in my office."

Robert Walker could hardly finish his lunch. He was as excited, as thrilled as a small boy. You would have thought being on that show was the greatest thing that ever happened to him. No bored-with-it-all routine. No phony, "That's great. I like to dabble around in radio now and then, old boy!" No, none of the old Hollywood line.

I thought of "See Here, Private Hargrove." It came to me suddenly that the same enthusiasm and honesty were typical of that picture too. I went to see "Hargrove" expecting a laugh. I got it. I almost split my seams rocking with laughter during the water sequences, in the "little corporal" scenes. But then, at the end, something happened. All at once it wasn't *Hargrove* up there, it was all the privates in the United States Army. And when the train pulled out, with *Hargrove* aboard, when he realized he wanted to BE aboard and not in some office sitting out the Big Show, a great message got across to me—without benefit of the customary speech-making. The message was in the expression on Robert Walker's face.

That one scene lifted "See Here, Private Hargrove" from slapstick to immortality, made it one of the things that will last and be forever identified with the *spirit* of this war, as was "Over There" and "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" in the last.

It wasn't the script, or the story, that lent this touch of immortality; it was Robert Walker, himself. For a moment, up there on the screen, he was all men of all time. Gallantry and hope, courage and enthusiasm were there, and I felt like getting to my feet and cheering. Only I couldn't; I had a lump in my throat.

I always thought there had to be flags waving and bands playing before I felt like joining the WACS or the Waves. That's what I always thought . . .

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## My Private War With Hirohito

Continued from page 43

nasty Japs on the screen. I wanted to wage my war with Japan through the medium I knew best. I knew I could do it: for hours I sat cloistered in my study, making faces at myself in the mirror. When I made an especially horrible one, my wife entered, and fled with a shriek. I chalked that down as a mark of exceptional success. I had succeeded in creating a truly photographic characterization of a Japanazi! Elated, I rushed to MGM with the great news: I could play a Jap villain, and WHAT a villain!

Studio officials listened to me politely—too politely. And nothing happened. The truth of the matter was, in private they chuckled up their executive sleeves. Keye Luke a villain? Preposterous!

Possibly they were right. You see, for years I had played a mild-mannered, blundering, and most unhelpful amateur detective—son of *Charlie Chan*. My placid personality, created for that series of pictures, stuck in the minds of studio big shots. I was typed as a nice sort of lad, and no one wanted to see me go wrong—even in a picture.

When I nearly gave up, my chance to play a nasty Jap came with another studio: I was given a part of the Japanese spy in the Warner Bros. picture, "The Spy Ship." The part pleased me no end, and I packed plenty of punch in portraying the sleek, lying, sneaking Jap. I spared no realism, and you will believe me that I had succeeded when I tell you that as soon as the picture was released, I received an anonymous letter from some Jap sympathizer, threatening my life if I continued in the same disrespectful vein. I showed this letter to everyone who would look; I pleaded to be given a chance to do another Jap part on the screen. But as usual I got nice parts to play.

I was growing despondent. It seemed my chance to get back at Hirohito would never come. But it did, and sooner than I had expected. What is more—it was shown to me in an allegorical sort of way, that a choice of weapons where I was concerned, was much more varied than I'd suspected.

One afternoon a call came from the China Relief Committee. It appeared the Committee was planning a gala show with Kay Kyser, Eddie Cantor, and Edward G. Robinson as part of the scintillating cast. I was wanted for Master of Ceremonies. This seemed like a far cry from waging war on Japan, but I accepted and put all my heart and soul into preparing for the show. I took charge of getting the right kind of costumes and makeup for Edward G. Robinson; I wrote a speech for him, in Chinese and in English. I coached him in the Chinese part of it until it was letter-perfect. To dwarf a long story, Eddie made a terrific hit, as did the show. The receipts were almost twice what they'd even anticipated. As receipts were being counted, a great glow spread over me. Suddenly I realized that in my small way I had contributed toward rehabilitating the people of China—some of them,

bombed out of their homes, would get a roof over their heads again; the hungry ones would be fed until they can get back to raising crops on their farms.

The China Relief Committee "job" was the first swallow. From then on, as if Fate had sided up with me to compensate for my not being able to play ugly Japs on the screen, many more calls came. I could not begin to give a full list of organizations before which I have spoken. Suffice it to say that the audience had always been distinguished and varied—club women, leading doctors, lawyers, college professors, missionaries. Chinese students, American students, flyers. To show why each one was significant, I'll illustrate with the story of my talking before one group—an example selected at random.

On one occasion I had to speak before a group of newly-arrived Chinese flying cadets at the Santa Ana Air Base. I welcomed them to this country, and then did my best to entertain them, with the support of four other Chinese actors—Willie Fung, Philip Ahn, Sen Yung, and Richard Loo. The spirits of these young cadets were lifted. They cheered, and in turn sang a couple of their military songs. You may think it was not important to have wasted all that time and effort on just seventy-five Chinese air cadets. But those seventy-five boys will form a strong link of friendship between America and China in the postwar world, and in the war-torn world of today. No Japanese-forged propaganda would make Chinese people believe that Americans are not their friends. Those seventy-five boys upon their return to China would see to it that their countrymen got their information about America straight. For they were no ordinary Chinese youngsters—they were the picked seventy-five, the flower of China's young manhood. Throughout this war, and after it, they will gather round themselves countless numbers of their countrymen, teaching them good things about America.

Another speech I made was before a group of art lovers and critics at the Los Angeles Museum of Art. The subject will sound innocent enough: Survey of the History of Chinese Art (from the early days to our time). But art is inextricably interwoven with people's daily lives, with their national identity. And so, in speaking of Chinese art, and in comparing it with our American art, I could not help but speak of Chinese and Americans as people, and draw a parallel as to their use of art in war. The most distinguished artists in this country and in China have given their energies and their skill to fighting Japanese propaganda and Japanese aggression through the medium of a war poster. Their manner of giving this type of message had become a common medium—a common meeting ground. Common ideas have sprung between China and America through the medium of the war poster, ideas which will lead to closer understanding and friendship after the



war. At least that is the way I think, and that is the way I told it to my audience.

Since I believe in the power of the poster, I have done some satirical ones—ridiculing the Japs—and some serious ones, showing the plight of China, or the spirit of unity among the allies. The latter I did in a conventional Chinese manner, and titled it, "The Spirit of United Nations." It shows a blithe spirit in flowing ancient Chinese robes, with the covenant of peace in one hand, standing on an open lotus flower. (Editor's note: reproduced on Page 43.)

As part of my anti-Jap campaign I have painted recently some stage sets for Orson Welles' Wonder Show, now making a tour of Army camps all over the country. At the moment I am busy on a cartoon poster, dedicated to Hirohito—wait till you see it!

But posters are only a small part of visual education helping to counteract Jap propaganda and show the Japs in a true light. Motion pictures are a much more powerful medium—a weapon which I can use not only now but after the war as well. Yes, I've been told there is a good chance of my being given a nasty Jap part in a forthcoming MGM production. Until then I have been working on an important motion picture project of my own, directly involving China's struggle against Japan.

For several months now I have been in close touch with T. Y. Lo, president of the China Motion Picture Corporation of Chungking. That outfit had made pictures in China during the worst of bombings, working against almost unsurmountable odds. To make a picture, "Storm Over Mongolia," the production unit was sent from Chungking to Inner Mongolia over difficult and in places impassable terrain. The round trip took three months, and one year was spent in completing the picture. In spite of the war, free China now maintains over a hundred mobile motion picture theaters in which American, Chinese, and documentary war films of both makes are shown. Those mobile theater units travel from city to city, village to village, showing those films and combating the soul-corroding Jap propaganda. Those films have helped to develop the people's interest in motion pictures and their curiosity about the Western world, especially America.

Mr. Lo and I have discussed and laid plans for postwar cooperation between the motion picture industry of China and Hollywood. We outlined an ambitious program of visual education which will include the training of thousands of technicians and actors. This sounds like a large order, but if we are to have lasting peace, the power of motion pictures after the war cannot be over-estimated. There will be a new world to construct; the old to patch and rebuild. The younger generation will have to be brought up on the ideas of peace and friendship instead of those on conquest and struggle.

But these are all ideas for the future. At the moment Mr. Lo and I are working out an idea for an American motion picture with a Chinese background. The story will revolve around the epoch-making 2000-mile trek accomplished by



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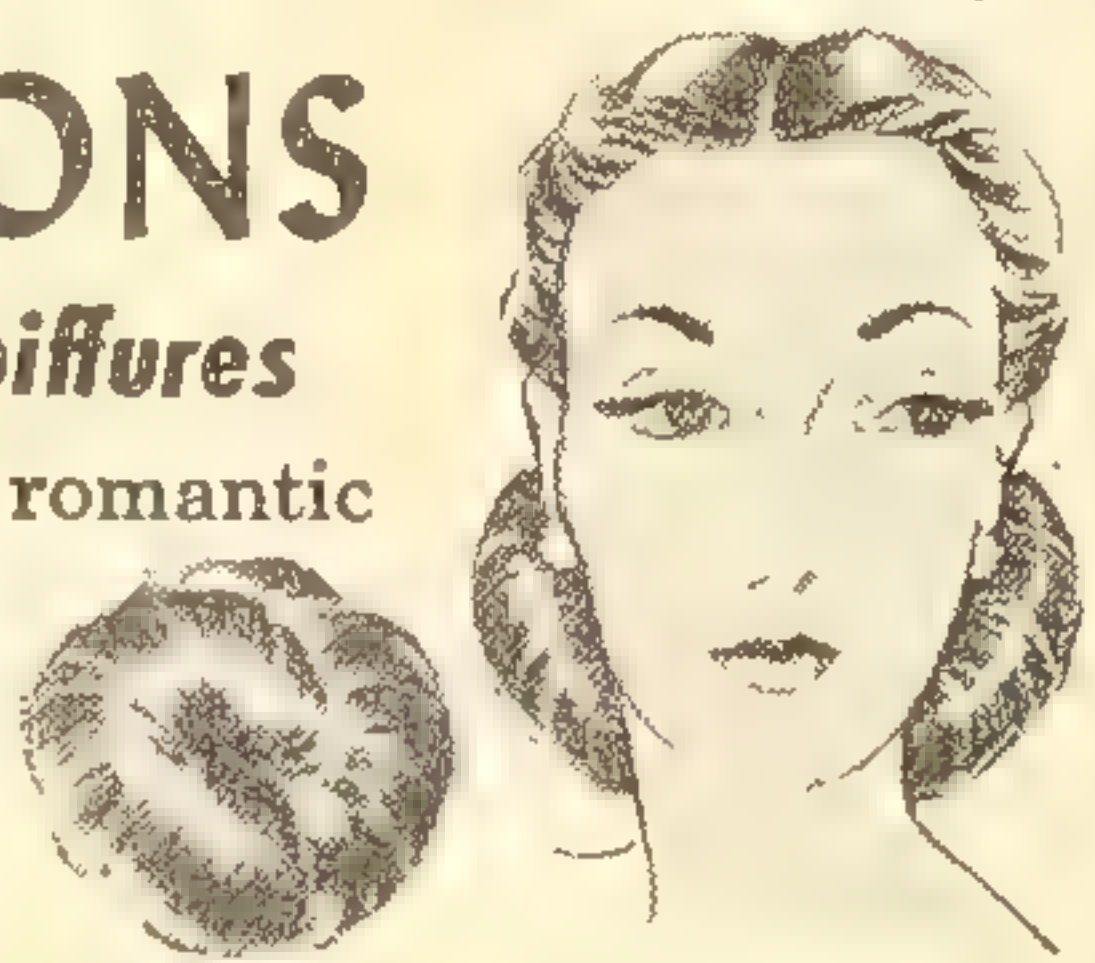
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masses of Chinese men, women, and children, who on their backs and in wheelbarrows transported the heavy industries of China to the yet uninvaded part of the country. It is a great story, a true story, and a proud page in the history of China. The part which has been chosen for me, is that of a young student leader responsible for the idea.

Until the chance to play in that picture comes, I am portraying on the screen the character of a young Chinese doctor, assistant to *Dr. Gillespie* (Lionel Barrymore) in the MGM *Dr. Gillespie* series. This series has recently won the plaudits of the Office of War Information for helping erase the barrier of race in the world of science. Unbeknown to me, I was aiding the war again.

When I am not busy at MGM, I wage

my little anti-Jap campaign by giving blood to the Red Cross; frying hamburgers or entertaining at the Canteen in Old Chinatown. Not so long ago I have been told that the Federal Bureau of Investigation was looking for Chinese language experts. I was anxious to offer my services, but unfortunately I know the Cantonese dialect, while the one required was Mandarin. So, strange as it may sound to you, I am going to school and study Mandarin Chinese under the celebrated cinologist, Dr. Von Koerber, at the University of Southern California. Also, through another professor at the same institution, Dr. Theodore Chen, I have placed myself at the disposal of the government, should it need what knowledge of Chinese and Spanish that I have.

## Laddie and the Ladies

Continued from page 34

canard thought up by a stupid man who was undoubtedly afraid of being shown up. I certainly admire intelligence in either man or girl, particularly if it is a courteous type of intelligence that doesn't seek to put me back into seventh grade.

Esther reads, and remembers what she reads; she doesn't confine her reading to any one type of book—she loves anything that's printed. This makes her an interesting conversationalist. I love to listen to her talk.

As you know, Esther is Mexican. There is nothing that irks her more than to have someone introduce her as Spanish; she is quick to correct such a statement. I admire her loyalty to her people, to her language, to the cavalcade of her race. I think any girl who adopts an Oxford accent when she was born in Iolanthe, Kansas, just isn't bright. One of the greatest evidences of Esther's intelligence is her eagerness to be exactly what she is, but to be it in the greatest and most admirable degree.

Once a girl is relaxed enough to be intellectual without giving a lecture about it, I think she can ask herself, "Why don't I be just a little naïve and reserved, as Michele Morgan is?"

I worked with Michele in "Joan Of Paris," the first picture she made after coming to this country. One of the initial things one observes about Michele is that she has nice eyes—they are turquoise. But her great charm lies, not in her physical appearance, but in her quaint personality. Michele is really a sophisticate; she knows rare food, good wines, the exotic life of continental cities before the lights went out all over the world. She has the true Frenchwoman's flare for perfume, clothing, and unspoken coquetry; BUT, she actually blushes when startled or shocked. A blush is something you can't feign; it either happens or it doesn't. But when a man sees a woman blush, he has an inclination to protect her. She seems young (no matter how old she may be) and defenseless. A blush is an outward symbol of an inner state: a definite reserve. I may be wrong, but I suspect that most persons are intrigued by a woman who is charming, but just a

bit aloof. One likes to think, "She's interesting, she'd grow even more interesting as one grew to know her, but that would take time."

Once a girl is intelligent, but also naïve and a little reserved, I think she should develop a sense of humor. A sense of laughter is like a life raft: it will save you when the going gets rough and it will make you very popular with anyone who happens to be around.

Helen Walker is my idea of a girl with a gift of giggles. It's difficult to describe a sense of humor because it's like a million dollars: you never see the fact itself, you just notice the pleasant things it produces. I began to observe that, when she and I were working in "Lucky Jordan," we always got excellent cooperation from the technicians. She kids everyone—not maliciously, as some wits do—but kindly, and with respect for the limits to which fun must be confined. She always manages to say the right thing at the right time, with a Lou Costello twist.

She's a great gal with a gag. She and Gail Russell started their careers at Paramount at approximately the same time, but Gail just happened to get her breaks faster. One day, Gail learned that she was to be given a dressing-room on the main floor; she no longer had to climb a flight of stairs. That sort of thing is trivial, of course, but the attainment of a superior dressing-room is one of the signs of attention from the head office and makes an actor or an actress feel good.

When Gail was established in her new quarters, Helen sent her a massive bouquet of flowers; set daintily in the very center of the bouquet was a pair of battered, step-weary, worn old shoes to which was attached a card. "Congratulations to the Star, from the mere Actress," it read.

I've worked with Loretta Young in two pictures: "China" and "And Now Tomorrow," and the thing about her that I admire and think many girls would do well to copy is the fact that she's a great woman's woman. She has dozens of sincere women friends; on the set



she's thoughtful of the hairdresser, the wardrobe girl, the maid.

Despite the funny feminine notion that it is smart to describe oneself as a "man's girl who doesn't get along very well with women," I don't think this statement impresses men nearly as much as it is supposed to. It leaves me, personally, stone cold. An intelligent man knows that there are likely to be times in his life when his wife's ability to make friends of both sexes, genuine, helpful, interested friends, may influence his entire future. What guy would like to bring his boss and his boss' wife home for dinner some evening, only to discover that The Little Woman couldn't get on well with members of her own fraternity!

Loretta's unfailing sponsorship of her own kind makes her a perfect wife, particularly for a man in her husband's responsible position. It also makes Loretta a nice human being in her own right.

Veronica Lake was my leading lady in "This Gun For Hire;" I'd like to say for her that she has at least one characteristic that every girl should try to develop: she's an individualist.

A good many girls seem to worry about the fact that they are small; Veronica is pint-sized, but perfect of her type. A good many girls say that the theatrical market is overstocked with blondes, yet Veronica is sunny-headed. However, Veronica had what other small girls and other blondes sometimes lack: she had a trademark. A good many thousands of words have undoubtedly been written about her unique hairdo, so I'm not going to add to the collection: I'm only using it as an example of smart showmanship. She was aware of her outstanding feature of individuality, and capitalized on it.

The thing that I noticed about Bonita Granville and heartily admired during the months we were working in "The Glass Key" was that her manners were perfect. She looks like, and is, a great lady. She always does the right thing at the right time—she's completely mastered the technique of the beau geste. Frankly, I think her name at this time should be one of the biggest in town; there were real touches of greatness in her work. But Bonita has the face and bearing of a Roman Empress, and it may be that not until she is somewhat older, will she come into her full heritage as a superb dramatic actress. In the meantime, I think she has the greatest gift of concentration, and poise, of any young girl I know. One of the problems that most women have to overcome is a tendency to rush things, to want the future too fast, to live in next week instead of today. Such a girl should take a lesson from Bonita.

"Why don't you . . . ?" develop your latent talents? The best example of a girl who had every advantage, but who has continued to study in order to add another string to her bow of abilities, is Edith Fellowes. She and I worked together so many years ago that I'm not going to get out my adding machine to sum it up; we did a funny little picture called "First Romance"—which was amusing for us no matter how it was for the audience!



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Edith was one of the prettiest adolescent girls I had ever seen; she was intelligent, quick on the come-back, and sensible. I don't think I ever saw her do one silly, senseless thing all during the production of the picture. I told her that I thought she had a great future in pictures, just working along as she was. "I'm taking voice lessons, too," she told me. "In show business, the more accomplishments you have, the more breaks you'll get."

That statement is not only true of show business, but of life in general. The last time I saw Edith she was playing in the road show of "Junior Miss" and doing a wonderful job. You'll be hearing more from her.

When I was in camp, the fellows used to ply me with questions about Hollywood. I expected them to be interested in Lamour, and Colbert, and Veronica, but I'll admit that I was somewhat surprised to learn that they wanted to talk about Mabel Paige. She played my "pick-up" mother in "Lucky Jordan," you remember. It goes without saying, of course, that she is a gifted actress. More than that, she is one of the most lovable human beings I have ever known. Obviously the boys sensed that warm, responsive, sympathetic quality of her nature—it translates to the screen with remarkable fidelity.

She has a great sense of humor, too. You may remember that one scene in the picture called for me to eat a meal of stew that she had prepared. Well, several days before we were set to make that scene, I happened to be discussing local restaurants with her. I mentioned that if there is anything in the world that I really can't stand, it is lamb stew.

You guessed it: when my steaming

meal was served before the camera, the bowl contained lamb stew. Mabel had explained to the assistant director who has charge of such things, that my favorite dish was l.s. Under her breath she said to me, "Now let's see what kind of an actor you are. Let's see you register delight over your dinner!"

Sometimes it seems to me that as women grow older they lose their light-heartedness, their joy in living. Mabel hasn't. She probably has more fun now than she has ever had, and she adds to the pleasure of everyone around her—an excellent trait to copy.

Now that I've shooed Susie out of her room for a few moments and can write the following lines without having her ask me to leave them out, I can add the final characteristic that I think every girl should cultivate: the art of comradeship.

A girl can be beautiful, intelligent, humorous, sensible, individual, a credit to a man in a dozen ways, but if she lacks the knack of being a playmate and a helpmate, she won't appeal to a man permanently. Susie is the best little pal a man ever had. If I wake up at three in the morning and say that I'm hungry, is there anything in the ice box?—Susie laughs and says she's hungry, too, and she thinks there are some drumsticks left. If I want to go grunion hunting, Susie puts on a pair of clam diggers and gets drenched in the surf with me. She's always around when I want her—which is the prime accomplishment of a wife.

I hope that I've been helpful. As I said in the beginning, a guy puts his neck out when he goes in for something like this article, but if my ideas can be put to use by some girl, and they help at all, I'll be happy about the whole thing.

## "Conversation Piece"

Continued from page 26

O'Brien: "My case, rather ditto. I left for basic Air Corps training in Florida two days after I finished 'The Amazing Mrs. Halliday,' with Deanna; then sent to school in Chicago, to learn to be radio operator gunner; washed out in Chicago, grounded, because of eyes; then to Wisconsin. One day, told to report to Orderly Room. Orders read, go to New York, report to Moss Hart for part in 'Winged Victory.' So, I'm off. Okay by me. Taking Army as it comes. Make no pleas. My feeling is, a lot of sensible people are running this war and know where to put you where you'll serve the service best. Very lucky, too, to be able to do my own stuff, during a war. Take my work seriously. Like most hams."

MacDonald: "Me, too. I hoped I could do a dramatic part in the film of 'Victory.' When MGM first cast me in the first dramatic part I ever played, the dancer who commits suicide in 'Life Begins For Andy Hardy,' I tried to convince them they were crazy. I'd been strictly a song and dance man, I told them, mostly dance, and couldn't commit suicide satisfactorily to, so to speak, save my life. They didn't see it my way. So I did it their way. And didn't land

on the cutting-room floor. Ever since, I've been hankering to act all over the place, like crazy, so I asked Moss Hart."

O'Brien: "What'd he say?"

MacDonald: "You look too young, Ray," he said, "too young, Ray, too young," he kept repeating. I said, finally, "Just how old you think I am, Mr. Hart?" "Twelve," he said, and dismissed me. I crawled out of his office on all fours. Made me think of the days when my sister Grace and I were just beginning in show business and had an act at Leon & Eddie's. I was fourteen then, and looked (Mr. Hart, please note) four. So I had to produce a fake birth certificate and wear a felt hat, with a John Barrymore snap to the brim, to make me look old enough to get by. Is this going on forever? I had hoped the war might age me."

O'Brien (laughing): "Tough break. But at least you didn't have to lose your—ah—oomph! Look at me. Thirty pounds heavier than I was the day I left Hollywood. By orders of Miss Hart, who thought I should take on weight so as not to confuse my part of Brooklyn-bred, fat and funny Irving Miller, with the romantic interest in the play. Mr. Hart



flattered me. Actually, I am not a leading man. Or shouldn't be. Not the glamor-boy type. Anyway, he wanted weight and got it. Two lunches a day. Snacks between meals. Then it became a habit. I liked it. Felt relaxed and extraordinarily sweet-tempered. Then what happens? We get out to Hollywood to make the picture. George Cukor has a talk with me, says nice things about my characterization of *Miller* in the stage show. I tell him the credit, if any, is due the Army. 'I know the character well,' I tell him, 'because I patterned him after a lot of Brooklyn G.I. Joes I met in the service. Particularly after a comic but lovable Brooklyn taxidriver I got to know while training in Wisconsin.'

"Fine, fine," said Mr. Cukor, "but—er—isn't there something you can do to improve that pan of yours? Jowly, you know," he added, "quite jowly," Mr. Hart. I began. Cukor said, 'I know. Being a "stout fella" on the stage is one thing but, as you know, the camera enlarges. And since I'll be shooting closeups of you—' Mr. Cukor,' I said, firmly, 'I'm afraid the Army wouldn't like me to look too, too. You see, after the picture is finished, my unit may be assigned to replacements for overseas duty. Uncle Sam wouldn't like me to look so beautiful that I'd jump over the top profile!'"

MacDonald (laughing): "Well, you have modified some since making the picture—our G.I. training, under Lt. Col. Walter Dunham, plus work before the cameras, is fixing you fine—anyway, none of us soldier-actors have any beef, as you pointed out. To be able to do, in the service, what we did in civilian life is getting the breaks, boy. What's more, to be able to do your own job and help the war effort, too (which, since all the proceeds from the movie, as from the play, go to Army relief, we are doing) is pretty stunning."

O'Brien: "It's a kick for you, too, isn't it, to dance again with your sister, Grace?"

MacDonald: "You said it. When we first tackled show business as kids, Grace and I, we planned never to be separated. Then, right after we did 'Babes In Arms,' on Broadway, and were getting places, I broke my leg. Few weeks later, I broke it again. Doctors said I would never dance again. So Grace went out, alone, in a show called 'Very Warm For May.' Next thing you know, I'm on my pins again and in the movies. Grace, too. A star, on her own. Then there's a war on and I'm in the A.A.F. And we realize our childhood dream is just that. But in one sequence, in this one picture, at least, we hoof it together again."

O'Brien: "Matter of fact, in this film, it's not too important, the parts we play. Because we are, all of us, name and bit parts alike, *only* parts of a stirring and significant whole. Something that adds up to more than any individual. Did you hear what Cukor said couple of days ago? 'In most of the pictures I've directed,' he said, 'the stars—Kate Hepburn, Ingrid Bergman, Spencer Tracy and others—have carried the story. In 'Winged Victory,' the story itself plays the leading role.'"

MacDonald: "It does, too. But I

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think it's because it's not a 'story'—it's the truth."

O'Brien: "That's it—the truth, both in spirit and in fact. Remember the huge outdoor set, the acreage the technicians inundated in order to give the desired swampy effect, to show the dank bleak conditions with which America's fighting men are confronted in the Pacific? Well, those technical men got their effect, and realistically. We marched through two inches of oozing mud."

MacDonald: "I was on the set the day that minister who had just returned from New Guinea visited us on the South Pacific set and was amazed at its authenticity. 'It's a remarkably true duplication of the Pacific Islands on which our men are fighting,' he said. 'The only thing it lacks is—Japs.' Then he added, with a grin, 'Of course, thanks to our boys over there, quite a few real South Pacific Islands are now lacking Japs.'"

O'Brien: "The night flying sequences are exact, too—exact in representing the gruelling ordeals—even for us soldier-actors, grim stuff. The hours of shooting were from 6 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. Cukor said, 'The eagerness of these boys amazes me. It would be impossible to subject civilians to the long hours and countless hardships these soldiers take in their stride.' Smart thing Moss Hart did, personally visiting air bases all over the USA, recruiting men in the service for 'Victory.' Hope everyone who sees the picture realizes those night-flying scenes were shot at a U.S. Army Air base, where the facilities were available. The use of the base was, as you know, Ray, given official sanction by the government, which regards 'Winged Victory,' apart from its entertainment value, a public service."

MacDonald: "The entertainment value is going to have a plus, too, for my money—not only all the specialty acts, which include my humble self, but the fact that it's the story of all the 'boys next door'—the sons of a small town barber and a bank clerk and a farmer, the story of their mothers and dads and sweethearts and wives. I've stood on the sidelines quite a bit, watching Jeannie Crain and Jane Ball and the other girls do their scenes—made me think of my own folks, their hopes for me, their ambitions. Our being on the stage was

my Pop's idea, right from the beginning. He used to take us to see shows at the Palace, Grace and me. 'That's where you're going to be some day,' he'd tell us, *believing* it. Makes me," Ray added, slowly, "glad I fell in love with Elizabeth when I met her in the New York cast, because I want to get married, be a part of a home, of—well, of all the things we're fighting for, today."

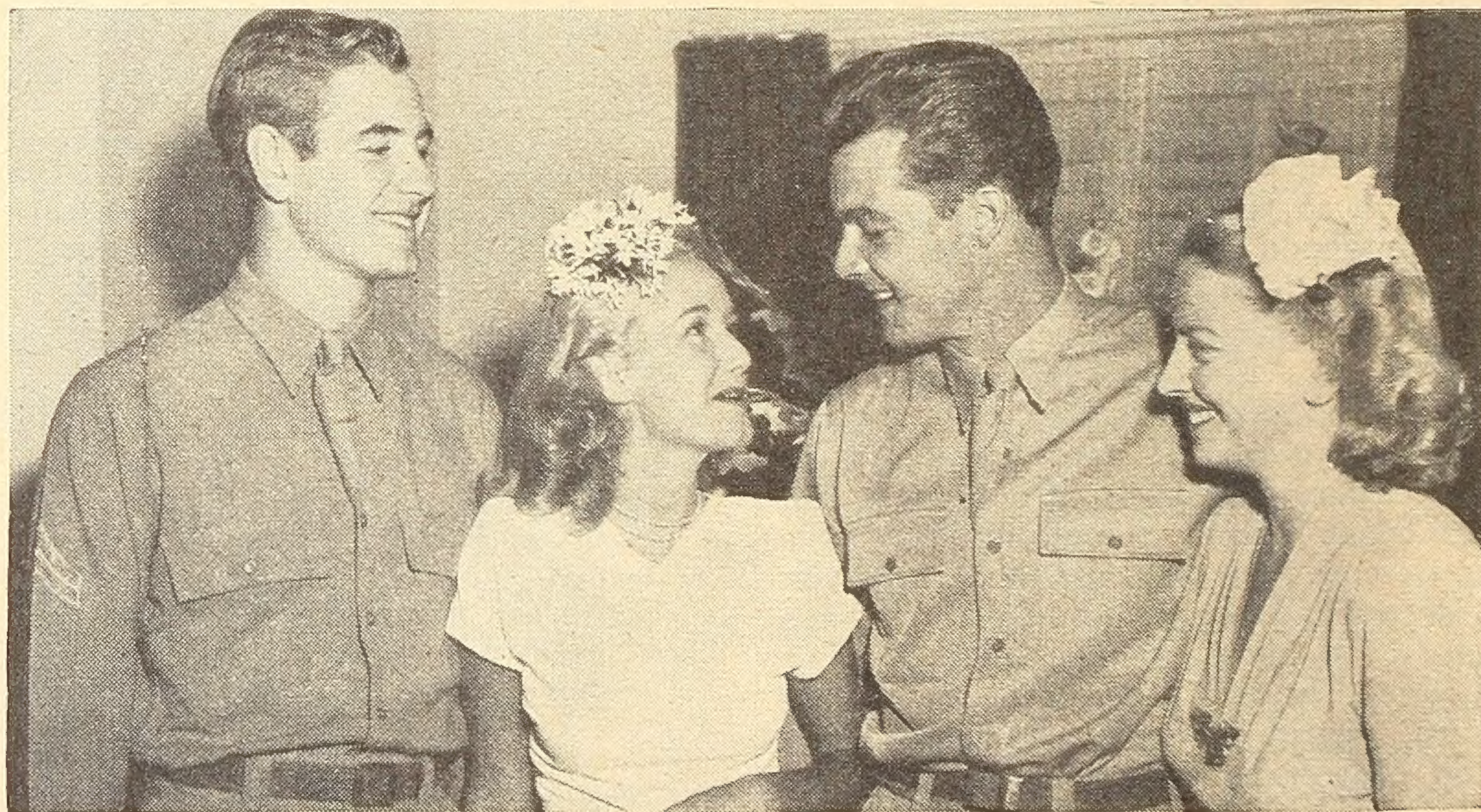
O'Brien: "Sure, I know. I walked up Broadway, first day we got in town; thought of my dad, who died when I was four, of my mother, left with seven little O'Briens on her hands and how, somehow, she did it—fed us all, clothed us, educated us. I was the only one who didn't go on to college—in high school, used to save all my money for the movies, skip classes and rollerskate down to them, my interest being, not in textbooks, but in actors. Anyway, walking up Broadway, in uniform, I tipped my hat to my mother, still living—a stout, Irish heart, that's what did it."

MacDonald: "It all adds up, doesn't it, this 'Mission to Hollywood.'"

O'Brien: "In every way, I believe. In our professions as soldiers and as actors. A lot of stars are going to come out of this show."

MacDonald: "Definitely. You, for instance, will be bigger than you ever were, I bet. Lon McCallister, too—what a 'plus' his rôle of *Frankie Davis* is going to give his career, already on the way up; and Mark Daniels, Mark had mostly minor rôles before the war—watch him after he comes marching back to Hollywood again. And Don Taylor, who plays *Pinky* and breaks you up. Don says he was on more cutting room floors than any actor in Hollywood, but he's sure headed for the movie Milky Way after this chore."

O'Brien: "A production like this will add stature to us all, can't help it—even to the kids who are making their first bows to the public, as actors. Cukor said of them, few days ago, 'I feel as though I am bathing in a pool of fine, unexplored talent. For these youngsters, many of whom have never faced a motion picture camera, read their lines like experts. As I look at them, I can't help but feel that I'm looking at the Cagneys, Tracys, Barrymores of the post-war period.'"



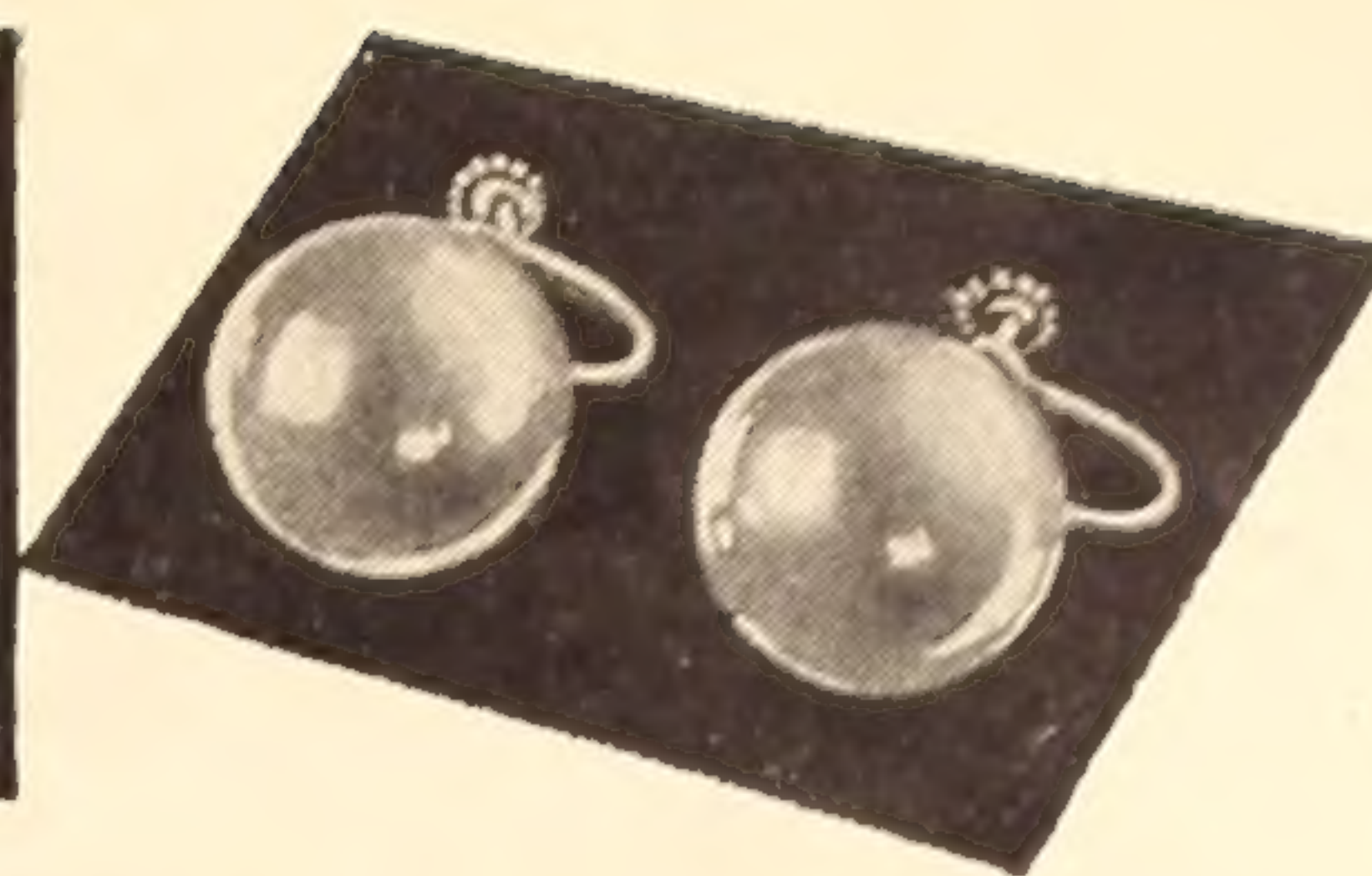
Two "Winged Victory" boys pose with their attractive wives—Cpl. Don Taylor with the former Phyllis Avery, S/Sgt. and Mrs. Mark Daniels.





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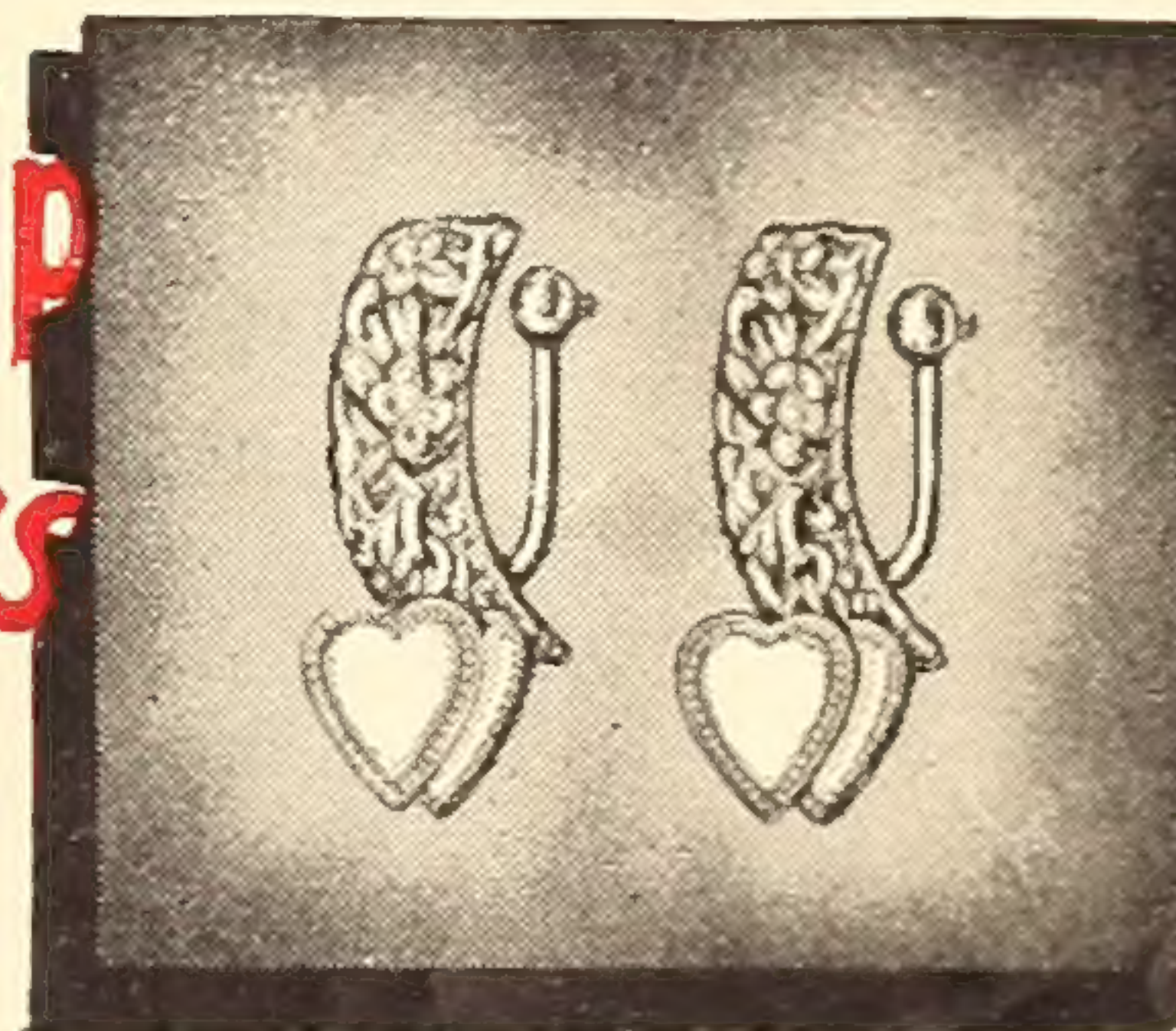


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I want to take advantage of your special bargain offer. Please send me the following:

☐ Extra Wide Band Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Ring

☐ Matching Sterling Silver Pendant Heart Earrings

I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 CITY .....

STATE .....

RING SIZE .....

**GIVEN**

if you order BOTH the Ring and Earrings and send your order PROMPTLY. Beautiful, genuine leather, 4 x 7-inch photo folder has celluloid front to protect pictures. (Comes with pictures of two popular Movie Stars.)

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FOR YOUR RING SIZE

Use handy ring measure below. Put a string around your finger, cut when both ends meet and mark off size on this scale.







**THE TIME IS NOW** Start right, swing your partner and catch the beat . . .

ONE — for Real Mildness

TWO — for Cooler Smoking

THREE — for Better Taste

*One-two-three and your smoking pleasure's complete.*



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